The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1925 NUMBER 562

Contents

The Week 53

Editorials

Where Are the Miners Going?..... 56
"Reconciling" Science and Religion..... 57
Drifting Toward Disaster in China..... 59

General Articles

Will France and Russia Clasp Hands?.....
.....Sisley Huddleston 61
The Haverhill Experiment...Jean Atherton Flexner 63
Flapper Jane.....Bruce Bliven 65
Old Old Old Andrew Jackson (verse) .....
.....Vachel Lindsay 67
Love in Idleness .....Stark Young 69
Salvation and 5 Percent.....Gilbert Seldes 70
The Mother (verse).....Katherine Mansfield 70
Night Clubs.....Edmund Wilson 71

Correspondence 72

Reviews of Books

Negro Songs without Music.....Robert Littell 74
The Truth about Nature.....C. E. Ayres 75
Individual Psychology.....Woodbridge Riley 76
The Complete Letter Writer..Katherine Anne Porter 77
New English Novels.....R. M. L. 78

The Week

AMERICAN commentators are complaining that the Caillaux-Churchill terms of settlement, by which France will be remitted a large slice of her debt to Great Britain if the United States consents to a similar bargain, is an unfair and ingenious trick to force us to settle cheaply or assume the unwelcome role of Shylock. Perhaps it is, but if so it should not stiffen any determination in us to make France pay in full regardless of her ability to do so. If the Franco-British agreement was based on a careful and sound examination of France's capacity to pay, it is a good precedent for us, no matter what diplomatic considerations may be involved in it. If it was not so based, an independent investigation of French capacity by the United States to bring out the facts will be just as necessary as before. And as for the contingent nature of the agreement, nobody had a right to expect that Britain would be satisfied with any consideration from France inferior to that obtained by the United States. The plea that Caillaux should not have settled with Churchill until he had settled with us is poor logic, because in that case we should have been forced to make precisely the same proviso as the British made. France's capacity to pay cannot be ascertained by one debtor if the settlement to be made with the other debtor remains an indeterminate variable. Perhaps the Caillaux-Churchill memorandum is a mathematical rather than a diplomatic convenience.

THE course embarked upon by the Federal administration in the anthracite coal strike appears to be fairly clear. It proceeds on the assumption that it has no concern in the matter except to provide the consumer with adequate fuel at low enough prices. Its only action thus far has been taken through the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has lowered the railroad rate on high grade bituminous coal from West Virginia and other non-union districts to the Northeast. This action, taken in connection with the official approval of the New England governors' conference to encourage the use of substitutes for anthracite, indicates that the administration intends to apply to both operators and miners the squeeze of competition, which may bring them together in an effort to save their markets. If successful, the manœuvre might permanently deprive the anthracite industry of its monopoly position.

INGENIOUS as this strategy is, it is not without drawbacks, and will not, we believe, be happy in its ultimate results. In the first place, it may be unfair to some of the railroads, such as the Baltimore and Ohio, which have to suffer the rate reduction. It would have been much more appropriate to reduce the rates of the anthracite carriers as the miners requested, since these are really part of the hard-coal interests which gouge the public and refuse increases to the workers. In the second place, the policy gives aid and encouragement to the anarchic non-union coal fields, already enjoying an unsocial advantage because of their ability to profiteer by paying starvation wages. And it does nothing to effect a better internal organization of the anthracite industry itself. In short, the administration commits a characteristic and capital mistake in working towards a superficial rather than a fundamental remedy. It is important to have coal, but it is also important to have decent wages

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the voice of the workers in industry. It is important to check the anthracite monopoly, but it is also important to organize the industry functionally for public service. There is no point in substituting one exploiter for another.

THE full resumption of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Mexico is to be welcomed heartily as a movement toward international amity in a world which of late has witnessed too many in the opposite direction. So far as can be learned, there has for several years been no real reason why the quarrel should have been continued. The Rosalie Evans case and the fact that an individual who for some time represented Great Britain in Mexico City seems to have found it hard to get along with or understand the Mexicans are both the sort of difficulties which any Foreign Office is accustomed to meet and remedy promptly as part of the day's work. However, the new attitude is no less welcome because it is tardy. Among other things it will greatly benefit the export of British goods to Mexico, which may have a bearing on American trade. Undoubtedly, a claims commission will be set up similar to the Mexican-American one, to adjust the outstanding disputes over property of British nationals injured or lost during the revolutionary period.

INCIDENTALLY, the action of the British government throws a surprising backward light upon the recent remarkable note which was not a note, issued to the wide world by our State Department. That document alleged that the Mexican government was behaving so badly as to tax the patience of all other nations; and hinted strongly that if it did not mend its ways, the powers would look without disfavor on a revolution conducted by a more respectable group. Yet hard on the heels of this declaration comes the resumption of relations by a conservative government which certainly has shown no signs of any friendliness toward Bolshevistic or semi-Bolshevistic doctrines. The meaning of this remarkable contradiction we invite our readers to puzzle out for themselves. We think we know the answer; but it is too impolite in character to be rushed rudely into print.

THE British press these days contains frequent references to an idea which will come as a surprise to many Americans. It is that prohibition has greatly increased the individual efficiency of our factory workers, and that in time Great Britain may be forced, however reluctantly, to go dry in order to meet our competition in world markets. In this country the popular thing to say is that since prohibition there has been more drinking, and much more drunkenness, than ever. The British opinion, it is fair to say, is not based on the roseate reports of Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler and his Saharan comrades, but on careful studies made in America by official British commissions and private investigators. In general, their reports confirm the views of such persons as William Allen White, who thinks that under prohibition the consumption of liquor has been reduced at least 50 percent, and W. G. Shepherd of Collier's Weekly who, after an extended survey of all aspects of the matter, concluded that America is consuming only one-fourth as much as formerly, and that even this figure is being rapidly reduced as existing stocks are exhausted.

THE Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, is circulating a pamphlet which has an interesting bearing on the relation of prohibition to industrial efficiency. It gives the views of several hundred "leading Americans," about 98 percent of whom are wholeheartedly in favor of the Volstead law. Since the list of persons consists of those who were known to be enthusiastically "dry" in 1922, the questionnaire is too heavily weighted to be of value as a cross-section of American opinion. Its importance comes from the fact that a large proportion of the persons quoted are employers of labor, whose testimony corroborates the British view already cited. As for instance:

> President, American Fork and Hoe Co.: "Employes that formerly wasted a portion of their wages in drink are better workmen, not liable to be agitators." President, Avondale Mills: "In our business the benefit to the help, to the general prosperity of the properties, has been wonderful." President, American Rolling Mill Co.: "Drunkenness, instability and great economic loss caused by old-time liquor traffic has entirely disappeared." President, Santa Fe R. R.: "From the standpoint of railroad operation the Eighteenth Amendment has been very helpful to us." President, Northern Pacific R. R.: "Train operation could not be made safe if employes were permitted to use intoxicating beverages."

The general picture painted is of drinking as being increasingly expensive, increasingly confined to the wealthiest class who form a very small proportion of the total population, and, because of its fashionable aspect, greatly overadvertised. The crime wave, according to these writers, is not the result of prohibition. It would be even worse if liquor were again made legal. We think the opponents of the Volstead law would do well to ponder these views. If prohibition pays as well as these employers think, not only is it here to stay, but it is likely to be adopted soon or late by every industrialized nation. The appeal to the pocketbook is one which is hard to withstand.

THE anti-evolution agitation has not succeeded in frightening American textbook publishers—at least, not yet. Such is the conclusion to be drawn from a questionnaire sent by Science Service to thirty-five firms who supply most of the texts used in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schools and colleges. Their replies are summarized as follows:

> Thirty-three answered that they were making no changes in their texts to meet the demands of the anti-evolutionists. One large firm replied, "We are not at present prepared to make any definite statement," and one did not answer at all. None seemed willing to state that any changes were being made.
>
> One concern stated that in a new work intended for high school use the matter was "tactfully handled," but the evolution remained in none the less. Others were more emphatic; answers like "Certainly not!" and "Anti-evolution has no standing with this firm" were characteristic.
>
> A vexed question has been the possibility of getting out modifications of standard texts for use in regions where the anti-evolution feeling is strong. For the most part, the publishers answer with some variant of the statement of one of the largest producers of textbooks for secondary schools: "We are not preparing any special editions of our books for use in states where evolution teaching is prohibited or discouraged."

This is cheering news, though it induces two melancholy reflections. The very fact that such an inquiry can be soberly made and earnestly answered shows a condition of affairs which no one would have dreamed possible two decades ago. Also, the implacable bravery of the publishers may be due to the fact that as yet, evolution is banned in so few schools that special editions of textbooks are not worth their expense. Some of the same gentlemen find it advisable to issue special versions of history texts for these numerous states which wish to view the past through rosy spectacles of patriotism. What will happen when—as is by no means impossible—one-half of America has put "Darwinism" under the ban?

AT Brookwood Labor College, in Katonah, N. Y., there recently gathered about twenty railroad men, from widely separated regions of the United States and Canada, representing various occupations and systems. Some of them were paid union officials, others union men who earn their living at their respective crafts. They spent a week studying their industry, its history, structure, management and problems. Lectures on these subjects by experts were interspersed by discussion among the members of the group. It is not unusual for railroad men to get together, but the occasion is usually some convention or other gathering where attention is directed to immediate problems and policies rather than to basic study and inquiry. Brookwood's railroad labor institute was an experiment, but it was successful enough so that it ought to be repeated. The labor movement might profit immensely if during the year there were many such institutes, at least one for each industry in which there exists a labor organization. Out of such gatherings a creative influence on trade-union policies ought to flow.

THE other day, Secretary of Commerce Hoover narrowly escaped being run over by an automobile on the streets of Washington. He was "jay-walking." It is interesting to reflect that he is chairman of a Committee which conducts propaganda against "jay-walking." It is also interesting to reflect that President Coolidge was reported to have driven very rapidly in the rain when his tooth was aching, recently. What his speed was we can only conjecture from the fact that there is an established tradition of fast driving in the presidential entourage. Indeed, reporters detailed to accompany a presidential automobile trip have been known to complain that the speed at which they were obliged to travel was a danger to life and limb. It is interesting to reflect further that Mrs. Coolidge was saved from accident not long ago when a secret service man jerked her out of the way of a squad of motor police. Such facts prove nothing. Secretary Hoover may be an extraordinarily careful man. Reasons of state may be alleged in the other instances. Nevertheless they do inevitably suggest that walking to and fro on the public highway and whipping up your vehicle to its maximum speed are traits so deeply rooted that they are not wholly eradicated by knowledge of traffic conditions or even by a high degree of native moral austerity.

WHETHER either "jay-walking" or speeding can ever be wholly eliminated so long as either pedestrians or motorists exist is therefore an open question. It is only natural to continue doing what there is no reason for not doing 99 percent of the time. In the case of "jay-walking" the propaganda for order among pedestrians is further weakened by the fact that no one is actually safe at street crossings, as every pedestrian knows. Not even in theory are the crossings cleared for foot travel. When traffic is moving north and south, east and west passage is interrupted. When it has turned to east and west, automobiles which wish to turn into the north and south street have their only chance to do so, and therefore interrupt pedestrian passage east and west quite as effectively as straight north and south traffic. In either case the pedestrian has to thread his way among moving cars. Fast driving, in turn, would be easier to prevent if all the accidents happened to fast drivers. But this is not the case. No rate of speed is a guarantee against accident to a driver, any more than the use of crossings is a guarantee of safety to pedestrians. Indeed, we are now told that accidents are chiefly due to fatigued drivers who naturally respect neither speed nor crossings. The inference would seem to be that the automobile is an ever present danger which can be avoided only by remaining within doors. Since no one seems inclined to buy safety at this price, while on the contrary the number of automobile owners steadily mounts, we can only conclude that the automobile is desirable enough to induce us to take the risks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where are the Miners Going?

THE present situation in the coal industries, both anthracite and bituminous, presents, in our opinion, a highly instructive object lesson in union strategy. In the leadership of the United Mine Workers since the War, we have seen an example of fighting trade-unionism, "pure and simple," in its purest and simplest form. John L. Lewis, the dominant figure, has aptly been called the Jack Dempsey of labor. Faced with a series of difficult and complex industrial situations, he has consistently applied the technique of agitation organization, striking, bargaining, collective agreement, the "sanctity of contract," strict union discipline. He has confined his objectives almost wholly to more wages and shorter hours. He has rejected with scorn all attempts to see the coal industry as a whole or to analyze its fundamental problems, whether by government experts, spokesmen for the public or experts sympathetic with labor. In spite of much internal pressure from the more alert of his constituency, he has refused to move one step beyond these elementary methods and aims, condemning all else as radicalism, and speaking as if by this attitude he would win to the union the support of coal operators and all solid citizens. Politically, he has frowned upon independent movements and remained a Republican. Nobody can accuse Mr. Lewis of lack of vigor or clarity. Never has a strictly conservative trade-union policy had a better trial in a basic industry. What is the result?

Though it is at the moment further from the public attention, let us look first at the bituminous industry. Here, where not long ago two-thirds of the production was union, today at least two-thirds is non-union. A number of the largest operators who have had union agreements have recently abrogated them. Those fields which remain preponderantly union are in great part shut down; large sections of them may pass permanently out of use. There are rumors in the air of great mergers which, if completed, will dominate the industry, and which in all probability will operate on an open-shop basis. We may easily see the passing of the United Mine Workers from the rank of a great power to a small one, we may see a duplication of the government of the steel industry, ruled autocratically by capital, outlawing organizations of the workers or industrial democracy in any form. Or we may see the substitution of company unions or representation schemes for independent labor organizations; the prestige and leadership of the trade-union movement among the workers being lost to the employers. We should regard any such outcome as a calamity, not only for the sake of the workers themselves, but also because it would postpone still further any hope of a functionally organized social and industrial republic.

There can be no dispute about the facts of the present situation or its dangers, but Mr. Lewis would doubtless deny any responsibility for it. Labor detective agencies, armed guards and deputy sheriffs, company-owned towns, prejudiced or subsidized public officials, "yellow-dog" contracts, sweeping injunctions, have raised stubborn obstacles to unionization. And in union fields contracts have been violated and agreements broken. We deplore as much as Mr. Lewis could possibly do all such practices. The fact remains that the miners' union has been injured by a malady which cannot be remedied by all possible shouting for justice, human rights and sancity of contracts.

Much more relevant would have been a facing of this situation and the adoption of methods to cope with it. First, there should have been a recognition of the fact that every national strike tends to develop non-union fields and non-union production. The strike of 1922, which ended in a technical retention of the existing wage scale in spite of threats to reduce it, was hailed as a great victory for Mr. Lewis and his fighting methods. Yet the precarious victory was won largely through the accident of a simultaneous railroad shopmen's strike which crippled the coal-carrying railroads. It led, as usual, to development of more non-union fields. And the settlement itself, in the over-developed condition of the industry, gave such an advantage to mines paying less than the union scale—and even at the outset there were many important ones—that it has served chiefly to deprive union miners of employment and undermine the power of the organization. A strike now, if called to remedy the situation, could be effective only against the remaining union mines which can operate at a profit, and might easily complete the disorganization of the industry.

A really bold policy in these circumstances might have aimed at some sort of public control to check the opening of new mines and to regularize labor relations. There was certainly no occasion for a union leader to denounce violently all such proposals, as Mr. Lewis did. Admitting that the public mind was unprepared for such a program, and that no practical result could have been achieved in the calculable future, still it would have been wise to show some concern for the public interest, to appeal for support with a broad and statesmanlike program, to talk as if the miners' problem had something in common with the coal problem of the nation. If the public is ever to be educated to adopt measures of this kind, who but the miners themselves, who suffer chiefly from the ills of the industry, could advance it first?

Setting aside all such considerations, however, there remained a possibility of activities perfectly consistent with traditional collective bargaining—in fact, growing out of it. It should have been the first concern of the union to enable those employers who were willing to do business with it to compete successfully with those who would not, and thus to safeguard, if not to enlarge, the constitutionally governed section of the industry. Other unions—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

particularly those in the clothing industry—have successfully developed such strategy in highly competitive trades. It is possible to safeguard union employers against strikes and stoppages, by setting up and nurturing regular machinery for the final adjudication of minor disputes. It is possible to help them reduce their costs by negotiating on troublesome but unimportant rules, by encouraging the introduction of better machinery and methods. It is possible—though difficult—in extreme circumstances to help them by lowering wages, provided you have a leadership intelligent and persuasive enough to convince the membership that it is better to lose a dollar or two a week temporarily than to lose the union employer and the organization. It is even possible, as the railroad shopmen have done on several systems, to engage actively in showing the employer how to improve his methods. These activities are a necessary complement to the most determined struggle against anti-union employers. So far as we know, the miners have used none of them. Instead they have acted almost as if it were their chief concern to put the union operators out of business. While denouncing communism violently, Mr. Lewis has acted in strict accordance with the communist opposition to all measures of so-called "class collaboration."

Whereas the bituminous industry presents at the moment chiefly a problem of establishing the union, the anthracite industry presents a problem of what to do with the union power, once you have established it. Here the miners are well organized, but the simple strike for more wages tends to become futile and meaningless. The operators have plenty of reserves, both of coal and finance; anything but a very long strike will simply mean money in their pockets. They welcome the contest; even if they should, at the cost of a tremendous sacrifice on the part of the strikers, lose it, they would simply pass on to the public any wage increase. As the conflict is now set up, the interest of the consumer is on the side of the employers. Why is this? Simply because the miners have not emphasized that fundamental reorganization of the industry is necessary n the general interest. Because the miners have not demonstrated that wages can be advanced and prices lowered at the same time, if a plan is adopted to limit monopoly profits. Because the miners have not seriously proposed and are not fighting for such a plan. It is true that the officials of the anthracite districts have in the past authorized the publication of documents pointing out such facts, but either through their own inertia or through the effect of pressure from Mr. Lewis, they have not based their strategy on them or made them mean anything.

We have no quarrel with traditional trade-union methods; they are necessary as a basis of union existence. But unless they are developed to fit the facts of modern industry, the unions can neither maintain themselves nor discharge their obligations to society. We second with fervor the plea of organized labor that it should have more power in industry. But we are constrained to observe that labor, like every other element in society, cannot gain power or indefinitely hold it unless it develops fitness to exercise its responsibilities.

"Reconciling" Science and Religion

IN THE history of the warfare of science and religion the battlefields have been matters of fact. At each given point it has developed that the religious view of astro-physics or of geology was at variance with the evidence that is presented when one looks at the skies through a telescope, or compares the formations of the earth in different parts of the world. These conflicts have invariably been settled by the withdrawal of religion. There is no point where religion has held its ground upon a matter of fact and science has given way. The reason for this probably is that no single fact was of sufficient importance to religion to require a decisive struggle, while for science every point is equally of absolutely vital importance. Theology can concede first thunder storms and later witches, and as neither has been precisely the object of worship, no one feels the loss seriously. Science, on the other hand, must maintain the integrity of visual evidence on all occasions. If it concedes the rings of Saturn it can never claim anything else on the ground that anyone can see it. Consequently religion has withdrawn from one fact after another.

In the long run, minor concessions become strategically important. After a series of tactical retreats religion finds itself in a very serious predicament. Not only in health and disease but even in the mysteries of birth and death human life has come under the microscope and been explained, not to the complete satisfaction of anyone to be sure, but sufficiently to exclude supernatural forces from even the most obscure episodes of existence. This is very serious for religion. Thunder storms are not a very important agency of the Almighty Will so long as one can still suppose that God exercises a personal control over the mean annual precipitation. But when even that is given a geological explanation the question of precisely what part the Deity does play becomes pressing.

In this predicament—the crisis of the war of science and theology—two courses are open to religion. One is to abandon the supernatural altogether and with it all pretense to any inspired or revealed knowledge or belief. What, after all, is the core of religion? Many of its greatest prophets through all the ages have maintained that it is an attitude of mind. In every religion the distinguishing mark of the true believer is thought properly to be a matter of character, a certain human quality—produced, it may be, only by worship of the holy icons of that creed, but none the less genuine and im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant on that account. But the essence of a religion is intangible and almost incommunicable except through ritual and belief. To men of high character whose spirits are naturally sensitive it may be directly accessible. But most people are able to revere justice and humility only in the persons of a just god and his holy prophets. The spiritual conception of religion is therefore limited to men of high character.

The only alternative is the theology of symbolism. A very good case can be made for the theory that all theologies were at first symbolic. The religious genius—so the theory would run—seeks to arouse others to the spiritual transport which he feels by the use of parables. He himself never intends that the parables shall be anything more than conveyances of the attitudes of mind and qualities of character which he wishes to produce in his followers. Their solidification into legends, and so into theology, comes later. Consequently there would seem to be an excellent justification for the perpetuation of these legends as parables after their symbolic nature has been rediscovered by the aid of scientific disillusionment. This is the solution which the modernists have sought.

Unfortunately, however, the case is not quite the simple one of a return to the religion of the spirit. For one thing the modern apologist is not an inspired teacher whose imagination is striking off brilliant parables in the heat of its impact upon popular stolidity. He is, on the contrary, a highly sophisticated and even disingenuous interpreter of traditional beliefs. Moreover, those beliefs are not flashing upon the people for the first time. They have not only been known for centuries: they have been accepted implicitly as literally and factually true. The apologist is therefore placed in the position of a man who is trying to find a decorative use for furniture that is too shaky to be sat in. Nor do his difficulties end here. Since the whole reason for his efforts is to avoid the necessity for abandoning that furniture, he must be very careful not to arouse anyone to a realization of its uselessness as furniture before he has come to see its value as decoration. This is a very delicate undertaking indeed. It requires the most subtle adjustments to all degrees of prejudice and enlightenment. Sermons must be composed that will be equally acceptable to completely emancipated symbolists and to literal believers in the factual reality of the theological furniture.

This means, of course, that modernist apologetics must be a haze of half-suggested meanings and half-dispelled beliefs. It means that issue between science and theology has been avoided by a complicated system of subtle equivocation and metaphysical sublimation. Never before have theologians been more insistent upon the real being of God as the fundamental figment of all religion, and never has theology been vaguer about what constitutes the real being of God. Between the headlands of science and the waters of humanism there lies a morass that is neither the clear water of human spirit nor the solid ground of actual knowledge and definite belief. Modernist theology, in its fear of the open water, has bogged down in that morass.

Meanwhile science too has faced a desperate dilemma. One must remember that scientists have seldom been irreligious men. Science has been able to advance for the same reason that theology has been able to retreat, because the scientists like the theologians have felt that no single demonstration has seriously jeopardized religion. Few are the discoverers who have not accompanied the announcement of their finds with a devout reaffirmation of their belief in the personal existence of God, or whatever they conceived to be the sine qua non of their religion. When it develops that religion has retreated so far as to make any factual creed impossible as a literal belief, the scientists are as much dismayed as the theologians. This is not the victory they had bargained for. To imagine that every scientist is delighted by the confusion of religion caused by the discoveries of other scientists would be to do grave injustice to the personal character of scientists.

In this predicament there are three things which the scientists can do. One is to retreat and evaporate altogether. But that is out of the question. However much a scientist may deplore the transgressions of science-in-general upon religion, he cannot abandon the truths of his research. This means that no research can be abandoned. Another possible line of action would be for science to stand pat, to accept its victory, to denounce all theology as false and deceptive altogether. But that is possible only for men who have caught the spirit of religion without the help of icons. For all others only a compromise is possible—if it is not to be called a subterfuge. The nature of the compromise has already been indicated by the modernist theologians, who must be credited with being much quicker than the scientists to see what has been happening. Theology is to proceed as usual, the familiar beliefs are to be invoked, the leaders will take them as only symbolically true but will be quite indefinite about it, and others may take them as they like. What is required of the scientists is a strategic silence. They will refrain from inquiring what the theologians are talking about, assuming instead that everybody knows. They will, of course, be under no further necessity of dislocating religious belief, since religious belief is now to occupy a littoral that is too boggy for science to plow. But by way of additional coöperation they will refrain from erecting fences. Under no circumstance will they post any signs to the effect that beyond this point is bog; all cautious thinkers beware.

This strategy, however, is open to very grave objections, both on the side of religion and on that of science. It is all very well to preserve the common man from the shock of losing his beliefs. But if he is preserved by what is really an elaborate sys-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tem of deception in which both theologians and scientists participate, the effect is certain to be a gradually deepening suspicion of both of them. The unfortunate part of it is that the suspicion will be well founded. If the religious leaders of the day believe that the essence of religion is the religious way of life, that and that only is what they should be teaching. Decorous equivocation about the traditions of belief is not conducive to the spirit of holiness either in congregations or in preachers.

The same is true of science. About the periphery of science there are many vague though useful conceptions which suggest the direction to be followed by the science of the future. Precisely what such things as the ether or the electron-point of energy, or such processes as evolution or symbiosis, are, no one can say with any exactness. Consequently it is possible to allege almost anything about them. To the shame of science it must be said that scientists have tossed these conceptions into the theological morass. Here are ideas, they have said in effect, which originated in science. But no one knows precisely what they are. Possibly they are the soul, or even the Holy Spirit. In any case here they are. Take them. Use them. Say anything you like about them. We shall not contradict. This will be our contribution to the security of civilization. Whether this is the spirit of true science we leave our readers to decide.

But even this is not the worst danger to science. As we attempted to point out in a recent editorial, science has passed from a position of insecurity to one of great importance and prestige. With this change there has come a change in the attitude of scientists who, like Pompey, are only men, and subject to human emotions no less than others. Scientists as individuals feel their importance greatly. One result of this is the responsibility which they now share with the prophets of religion for the common man's beliefs. Another is their attitude toward their own concerns. When science was struggling doubtfully with the high priests of an established church for the privilege of looking through their telescopes they were only too eager to have all and sundry share their view. Now their position and their attitude are quite different. A cat may look at a king but not at a planet or an animalcula. There are certain subjects, as one of our correspondents has reminded us in a letter printed elsewhere in this issue, which are reserved to the Levites. What such an attitude bodes for science is a question which can also be left to the reader.

At its worst the modern compromise is a mere decorum. Ernest Pontifex once remarked of his father's parishioners that they would have been equally surprised to hear anyone doubt or see anyone practice Christianity. It is permissible to reflect that the time might come when the same remark could be made of science. At such a time the warfare between science and theology would indeed have been concluded.

Drifting Toward Disaster in China

THE centre of conflict in China between Chinese nationalists and foreign diehards has shifted from Shanghai to Hongkong, and thereby the conflict becomes more ominous. Hongkong is a British possession and there the clash is direct between Chinese aspirations and British interests, and the issue has been forced by both sides. An economic war is already being waged. Another incident like the firing on Chinese crowds in Shanghai last spring, and it may be a real war. The British merchants in Hongkong and elsewhere in South China are already crying for intervention.

Hongkong has long been a source of friction between Great Britain and China. It is a small island off the coast of Southern China, geographically related to the Chinese mainland as Manhattan is to the American mainland. There is this essential difference however: Hongkong is a British crown colony and not Chinese soil; it is, moreover, the key position of Great Britain's political and economic structure in the Far East. In the nature of things, the interests of the British colony and the Chinese mainland have been opposed. In the nature of things, clashes would be inescapable under normal conditions. Under present conditions they are both inevitable and charged with explosives.

Hongkong was forcibly ceded to the British by China in 1842, after the British had won what is commonly known as the Opium War. This was the war in which the British vindicated by force the legal right of European countries to trade in China, a right the Chinese had previously refused to recognize. As it happened, practically the whole foreign trade was in opium, but undoubtedly it was an abstract right the British were fighting for. At any rate, they fought and won, and one of the penalties imposed on China was the surrender of Hongkong. At the best, then, Hongkong has unhappy associations to the Chinese.

For the British it may be said that whatever Hongkong now is they are responsible for and to be credited with it. It was an uninhabited rock in 1842. It is now a modern, well built flourishing city with a population of half a million, nearly all of whom are Chinese, of course. The British have invested in the city not only their money, but their energies and in many cases their lives. They have also had their reward. Hongkong is now one of the largest ports in the world. It is the distributing point for all imports into Southern China and all exports out of Southern China. And the British government now holds not only the island of Hongkong itself but the strip of territory opposite Hongkong on the mainland known as Kowloon, the terminus of the Canton-Kowloon Railway. Thus they control also the most important artery of land communication in the South.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obviously, the development of Hongkong, while the fruit of British energy, foresight and investment, has also been at China's expense. The British in Hongkong have reaped the benefit of the increase in foreign trade that otherwise would have accrued to the Chinese, especially in Canton. The port is unsuited to foreign trade on a modern scale. Ships of large draft cannot go up the river and at Canton itself there are no adequate harbor facilities. Naturally, the Cantonese want to develop the port. Equally naturally, the British do not want them to, for if they did, foreign ships would go direct to Canton instead of stopping at Hongkong.

The British Crown Colony of Hongkong has had therefore a stake in Chinese politics. It has had a vested interest in the defeat of any progressive element in Canton, of any party that sought to practice the gospel foreigners love to preach to China in the abstract—the gospel of progress. That has been the real reason for Hongkong's long-standing opposition to Sun Yat-sen and his party. Whatever his faults may have been, Dr. Sun had a keen sense of China's needs if it were to compete with the Western world. Harbor development had long been one of the articles in his program. And much of the propaganda throughout the world branding Dr. Sun as an impracticable visionary, a Bolshevik and a traitor, emanated from Hongkong and was inspired by ulterior motives. Much of the internal strife in Canton has been incited by the British in Hongkong through Chinese in their pay. Many of the intelligent projects put forward by the Cantonese for reform in Southern China in the last few years have been sabotaged by the British in Hongkong—while the British press waxed righteous about "chaos" in China. It is not strange that the Cantonese look upon Hongkong as a dog in the manger.

Against this background of old hostilities the present nationalist movement has arisen in China, with the nationwide protest against continued foreign domination. It is inevitable that a crisis should have been reached in Hongkong. And it has been. The Chinese have declared an economic boycott against Hongkong. No British ships are being loaded or unloaded. Ships of other countries which carry British cargoes are similarly boycotted. The port is dead. British trade in the most important commercial centre in the East is paralyzed. The estimates of British losses run as high as $1,000,000 a day. The Chinese are proving again that war may be waged with other weapons than guns and gas. And the British business men are crying for intervention.

Meanwhile complacent statements that all is well in China continue to emanate from Washington and Swampscott. Meanwhile there is not the slightest evidence that there is in American official quarters even a glimmer of understanding about what is taking place in China and what this movement comprehends. The customary propaganda has painted the usual picture of the vigorous and foresighted White House spokesman. Three months ago big headlines heralded great conferences that were to settle the whole Chinese question. In prosaic and unfortunate fact it is now four months since the first incidents in Shanghai, and in those four months there have been subterranean negotiations, carefully shielded from profane public gaze, but nothing else. The French have ratified the treaties so solemnly sanctified four years ago, and in pursuance of those treaties a conference is to be held at which China, presumably, is to be allowed to raise its tariff rates. But the Chinese have let it be known that their demands have now gone far beyond permission to raise their tariff rates. They want a revision of all the treaties which in effect make China a vassal state. And they will not be satisfied with the sop of a 2.5 percent increase, handed down as to an inferior. While the negotiations continue, the drift of events in China is steadily toward the breaking point. It has now come to economic war in Hongkong. That could have been avoided by open and decisive action by the great powers three months ago. Open and decisive action by the foreign powers now can prevent economic war from drifting to war with all the arms of warfare. If there is no such action, actual war is not only possible but probable. Chinese sentiment is inflamed and will accept no more dishonest compromises like the Washington Conference treaties. It will not be satisfied with sops. And if it is goaded by refusal or evasion, it will take revenge on the foreign communities in China. Then whether we like it or not we shall be sending fleets, first for protection, then for punition, then for policing, then for partition, and the whole evil cycle that has made permanent areas of war before and will again. This is not sensationalism or melodramatic exaggeration. Every newspaper dispatch bears witness that it is a practical, immediate possibility if the Foreign Offices of Europe and America maintain their present ostrich attitude: more particularly, the State Department in Washington, on which the responsibility of leadership devolves for more reasons than America's traditional and much, too much, boasted "friendship for China."

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1925, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, SECRETARY AND PUBLISHER, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will France and Russia Clasp Hands?

FROM time to time it is desirable to look beyond the narrow discussions of the day and to examine broadly the diplomatic map. Europe is like a great chessboard and if one's attention is directed merely to one corner of the play the general trend of the game may be overlooked. Never did I feel the necessity of bearing this political precept in mind so clearly as when, during the conversations regarding a Franco-German pact to which England would be a party, there appeared on the same page of all the Paris newspapers, apparently detached, completely unconnected with the London debates, but in reality dominating those debates, a declaration of Russian policy by M. Krassin. Yes, we have lately shown a willingness to forget Russia, but Russia remains a gigantic question mark sprawling across the continent and casting its shadow over the Western countries—over France, over Germany, over England in particular. What did the Krassin statement mean? It is worth some analytical study.

The essence of the Russian offer to France is this: Russia which has refused hitherto to admit indebtedness to France, holding itself to have no solidarity with the Czarist Russia, has now suddenly discovered that after all it might be possible to pay a portion of the outstanding debts. True, the proportion is very small, but the abandonment of a principle of this character is an enormous event. The one obstacle to improved Franco-Russian relations was the disagreement about debts. So much has happened that it is only with an effort that one recalls the Franco-Russian alliance that preceded the War, and indeed in the opinion of many people was one of the causes of the War. Germany felt itself to be encircled. Now although rulers come and go, and although alliances suffer eclipse, and although in the flux of unexpected happenings diplomatic combinations appear sometimes to be broken up irretrievably, there has always remained a Franco-Russian sympathy. It is not outside the bounds of possibility that, despite the Clemenceau policy of imprisoning Russia after the Revolution in a ring of barbed wire, France and Russia should renew their friendship. There is a hankering in the minds of statesmen in both countries for a return to the old condition of things. But the debts question lay between the great Slav country and the Latin nation. The French had been induced to invest much of their money in Russia and most of the holders of Russian bonds were the little people. They cannot hope ever to be reimbursed but if there is some show of good-will and the most trivial beginnings of reimbursement, then a revival of a Franco-Russian understanding is not unthinkable.

There were other suggestions put forward by M. Krassin with apparently the same purpose. Thus it was hinted that Communist propaganda might be called off in France. It is often believed abroad that Communism has obtained a considerable hold on the French people. It cannot be denied that there is a certain amount of agitation, but so-called French Bolshevism is no more than a concentration of discontents around a particular party. French Communism is not to be taken seriously except as a protest against governmental rigidity. Such a protest exists in all countries. In France it used to be called Republicanism, then Radicalism, and until recently Socialism. Now the Socialists have become tame. They are purely a bourgeois party, running with the government, though occasionally quarreling with it as all parties sometimes do.

There was therefore nothing for it but a new party which would gather up the inevitable discontents, which would group together the serious protestants. It called itself in France the Communist party and took the place as well as the organ of the old Socialist party. This party of protest means no more under one name than under another, and in fairly normal conditions of society has no chance whatever of being more than a simple minority clamoring against the régime whatever it may be. Such in my opinion is Communism in France.

All accounts agree that in Russia the revolutionaries are at present moving Rightwards, are becoming a relatively sober and settled governmental party faced with the only opposition that matters on the Left. This opposition which may yet be comparatively feeble but is destined to grow is Anarchist in its tendencies. We have then, in spite of different constitutions, two governments, one in France, one in Russia, which are wondering whether they cannot live side by side in amity and work together to common diplomatic ends.

It would be false to pretend that so far France has taken the bait dangled before it by Russia. But it is perfectly clear that on the Russian side new ideas of European diplomacy which strangely resemble the old ideas of European diplomacy are struggling to birth. The significant point is that it was on the very day that M. Briand actively resumed conversations with England respecting the Franco-German pact that M. Krassin came into the open. For my part, I was struck by the coincidence which is much more than a coincidence—coincidences in diplomacy are always suspect!—and surprised that American and English newspapers did not indicate the curious incidence of the Russian overtures.

Consider for a moment the European situation. England under a Conservative government is becoming more and more anti-Bolshevik. Mr. Winston Churchill, now one of the pillars of the Conservative government, was from the beginning the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most energetic antagonist of the post-Czar Russia, and in this respect does not appear to have changed his opinion. Nor has he changed his opinion concerning the need for an Anglo-German entente which he was the first well-known statesman publicly to adumbrate. There has grown up in some British quarters the notion that there should be a sort of Western group of powers against the more Eastern Russia whose activities in the East place in jeopardy portions of the British Empire. Put in its crudest form, the thesis is that the West is faced with a common danger which comes from Russia. It is a danger which is the more terrifying because it is ill-defined and indeed largely unknown. It is not my design in this article to criticize or to approve—it is merely to state the possibilities of the case. It may well be that a vague peril rising from the steppes of Russia hovers over mankind and threatens to smash up century-old arrangements and institutions. Nor do I pretend that there is consciously in the minds of the majority of people who are striving for an association of the Western powers a deliberate anti-Russian bias. For most of them, in fact, the objective is the destruction of the Franco-German feud and the establishment of true peace. Their motives are unmixed and unselfish and are not dictated by diplomatic subtleties. There is no real reason why a Franco-German accord should be incompatible with a Franco-Russian accord. But when all reservations are made it will be seen that there emerges from all this the prospect of an encirclement of Russia at least on the Western side which would not be dissimilar from the former attempt to isolate the German peoples.

Among the possible developments are, according to Russian politicians, a Franco-German rapprochement, inspired and aided by England, whose point would be directed against Russia—for too many diplomatists still believe that an alliance of any kind must be based not on friendship but on a common antagonism; and, less likely, but nevertheless on the cards, a Franco-Russian alliance of the old pattern directed against Germany. If France can be made to hesitate between these two conceptions, Russian diplomacy would score a triumph and, who knows, might eventually consolidate that triumph.

Here is an explanation of the coincidence to which I have referred. The chances are however that France will opt for Germany. Matters have advanced very far and the animosity which existed between France and Germany a few years ago has subsided. There may be difficulties before the pact becomes a reality but the impetus in that direction is now strong and it would be hard to stop half way. In France there is a marked tendency of an anti-militarist character. The average Frenchman is heartily sick of war and of talk of war. He does not want to hear of fresh conflicts. Certainly there is not the slightest question of French aggressiveness and it is not to attack any other country that France keeps the large army and considerable air forces which have been a reproach against the nation. France would never begin any trouble. Although there have been discussions about the right of France to send troops to the assistance of Poland if Poland were attacked either by Germany or by Russia, I am convinced that if ever the occasion arose it would be a stiff task to persuade the French to send armies outside their own territory. The debates about the right to traverse Rhineland to assist Poland are in my view unreal and academic. Remember that even in 1914 the French withdrew their troops ten kilometres from the German frontier. The French people would not have stood for any appearance of having begun the fighting. They would again today wish to await a direct onslaught before stirring. Whatever happened in the East, as long as Germany refrained from declaring war on France, the French could hardly summon up enough bellicosity to interfere. The French are undoubtedly pacific at present and although their patriotism might be aroused it would need an unmistakable menace to arouse it. The people want the army to be reduced. They want a diminution of the period of compulsory military training imposed on every young Frenchman. The policy of the government is on the same lines though the government is obliged to pay heed to the technical reports of the military men. The occupation of the Ruhr is an evidence of active militarism and coercion which has entirely disappeared. The French look with far kindlier feelings on the Germans than would have seemed probable not long ago.

Clearly however these Russian overtures furnish a diplomatic weapon to the French negotiators. They may, if they choose, discreetly refer to the alternative proposition. Germany too has an alternative. Its statesmen may make some play with the much talked of Germano-Russian rapprochement—which has not made much progress. Russia on its side has also two strings to its bow, and can contrast a Franco-Russian understanding with the tentative Germano-Russian understanding. England, were its hand forced, could become more pro-French or more pro-German—what it cannot do is to retire from these Continental combinations. It will be observed that each country has several cards in its hands—and for the sake of simplicity I have not enumerated the rest of the cards which are in the pack.

The moral of this diplomatic survey is that no satisfactory results can be obtained if Russia is left out of account. The business is far more complicated than is generally supposed. What is needed is not the most skilful diplomatic manipulation of antagonisms, but a franker recognition of the place of each country in an ensemble of common interests. There may be disastrous miscalculations while the old diplomacy with the old methods is pursued and this or that nation is regarded as negligible or as an enemy.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Haverhill Experiment

PERMANENT arbitration boards, on the lookout to prevent trouble rather than to repair damage, have long been conspicuous in the needle trades. First established in the garment industry of New York in 1910, they have subsequently been introduced into one needle industry after another. As distinguished from arbitration machinery hastily set up after trouble has broken loose, the needle trade arbitrator has been selected in advance, draws a salary, and possesses automatic jurisdiction over all disagreements arising out of the daily interpretation of the contract between union and employers. Having thus acquired intimate knowledge of problems and personalities on both sides, and of the technical details of the industry, he is in position to assist both parties in developing a reasonable and workable common law for the industry and in making adjustments to changes in economic or technological conditions. In spite of these advantages over ad hoc arbitration this type of arbitration has been slow to spread outside of the needle trades, even under the stimulus of prosperity. It is therefore all the more interesting to note that the women's shoe industry of Haverhill, Massachusetts, has in a period of disillusionment and depression turned to an arbitrator of the clothing industry type for a solution of its difficulties.

The impartial chairman in Haverhill has been faced with a problem which arises in many organized competitive industries. He has had to find means of enabling a high-standard union centre to compete in a falling market with low-cost non-union centres. Such dilemmas have in other industries led to prolonged strikes and lockouts, to lowering of union standards and sometimes to the migration of the industry elsewhere.

The Shoe Workers Protective Union has for the last six years maintained a 100 percent organization at Haverhill, but elsewhere its membership is scattered in small locals from Brooklyn to Los Angeles. The women's shoe industry has been geographically split up among a number of small independent unions, some of which have recently been amalgamated with the Protective. Thus union action on a national scale has not until recently been possible. Haverhill itself, the isolated union stronghold, manufactures 14 percent of the Massachusetts product, which is only 35 percent of the total output. The town depends upon this single industry. When the Arbitration Board took office in January, 1924, both citizens and union were seriously alarmed by a drop in the volume of production by 50 percent since 1922. Within four and one-half years seventy-seven firms either moved away or liquidated. The cause of the decline was plainly a high differential in labor cost unfavorable to Haverhill. Wages had not been cut since the boom, although in 1921 the non-union centres had several reductions.

To meet the situation described the union relinquished certain working rules in an agreement dated December 31, 1923, and permitted an extension of hours during part of the year. More important still a permanent Board of Arbitration or rather an impartial chairman acting as a Board, was set up for a period of five years, with jurisdiction over all disputes which might arise between the parties. Employers and union failing to agree upon an impartial chairman a committee of citizens selected for the post Mr. Edwin Newdick, formerly with the National War Labor Board, later with the Labor Bureau Inc., in Boston. The adjustment of this difficult situation has proceeded without strike or lockout. Union standards have not been recklessly scrapped, nor have they been permitted to drive out the industry. The impartial chairman is endeavoring to save the industry and to do justice to both employers and workers.

The first case to come before the Board was the manufacturers' demand for a wage cut, followed by attempts to get rid of several important shop rules. To the employer high wages and limitation upon his right to discharge or lay off workers meant prohibitive labor costs and loss of orders; the workers, on the other hand, clung to high rates as their compensation for short-time employment, and to their union rules as protection against total unemployment. The impartial chairman in his decisions, whether affecting wages or shop rules, has steered a middle course: he has lowered union standards as far as was necessary to bring a larger volume of work to Haverhill, but he has tried to protect the workers on the job to a reasonable degree. After careful study, general reductions ranging from 10 to 33.3 percent were ordered by the Board in May, 1924. Alterations in individual piece-rates were carefully considered with reference to their effect on total labor cost, and to the probable yield in earnings. If the rate was found to constitute a negligible item in cost, the cut was refused. All wage decisions are issued provisionally, subject to review in case the expected increase in employment fails to materialize and earnings fall off unreasonably.

In dealing with shop rules the Board has tried to remove such restrictions as hamper managerial efficiency more than they protect the worker. For instance, when machine processes are substituted for hand, the Board has ruled that the displaced hand-worker is not entitled to preference in operating the machine, and that the management, not the union, should decide who shall perform the operation.

In the matter of discharges, the Board has tried to establish a humane and educative policy. Discrimination against workers for union activity sel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom occurs in Haverhill because the entire market is a closed shop. Ninety percent of the discharges are for spoilt work. In dealing with such cases, Mr. Newdick states: "Industry is learning that workers who are ruled by fear are poor partners; . . . . the Board aims to create incentives to good work, rather than to instil fear of punishment for bad work." Thus if the worker has to his credit a long record of good behavior the Board has insisted upon "a second chance," and has imposed a modified penalty. The manufacturers claim that reinstatement in cases of proven carelessness, whatever the terms, or the previous record, undermines morale. The Board has not, however, neglected the disciplinary aspect, for the decision just quoted proceeds: "certainly the loss of a job by one worker now and then by discharge, for bad work, is a lesser evil than the loss of work by all, through failure of the business or its departure from Haverhill." In each case of reinstatement the text of the ruling has impressed upon the worker that his continued tenure of the job is conditional upon a satisfactory level of workmanship. Several discharges for failure to make good after reinstatement or for repeated carelessness have been upheld. Discharges during a trial period of several weeks are not subject to review, unless the worker complains of discrimination for union activity.

On the whole the wage reductions granted by the Board have satisfied the employers, and the union is pleased with the leniency shown to discharged workers in a time of severe unemployment. A rule forbidding lay-offs of the "permanent" crew and requiring equal division of work among them in slack seasons has not yet been satisfactorily interpreted. The unions have this spring rejected by referendum vote the employers' demand for complete freedom to "hire and fire" according to business needs.

The Board has taken the position that relief must not come only through reductions in union standards, even nicely adjusted reductions, but that effort must be made to discover in the industry new sources of income or savings, sufficient to make up for a somewhat higher labor cost. Here progress has been slow. Employers are reluctant, in hard times, to embark on expensive improvements. The workers, far from pressing for scientific management which might maintain imperilled standards, are hostile and suspicious. Yet the industry is one demanding genuinely scientific method—in the workers', as well as in the employers', interest. The piece-rate schedule in the shoe industry is extraordinarily complicated, and has to be constantly adjusted to suit changing patterns; job analysis and time studies would produce a more flexible and more equitable rate structure than guess work and bargaining can ever achieve. The Board has repeatedly explained the need of substituting industrial engineering methods for debating club tactics. Yet union prejudice yields but slowly. In only one rate case up to the present time has the Board been allowed to employ a stop watch. Again, in addition to loss of earnings because of short time and unemployment, the average shoe worker spends 35 percent of his time in the factory waiting for work. The impartial chairman has not been able to do more than criticize the union for its "blindness to the tremendous importance of efficiency" in cases where union rules have blocked economical arrangement of work. If, and when, his educational arguments begin to influence the rank-and-file of the union, we may behold the spectacle of a union prodding the employers towards much dreaded scientific management! For with a strong union and impartial supervision greater efficiency can perhaps be made to pay for the cost of high labor standards.

In the end the survival of the Haverhill shoe industry and the maintenance of its relatively high wage scale and typical union safeguards against loss of job, depend upon several contingencies—the unionization of competing shoe centres, another tremendous boom, or the superior efficiency of Haverhill factories. The first two are more difficult to bring about, more improbable, than the last. The boot and shoe industry in 1920, its peak year, was only 35 percent organized and is now suffering the after effects of over-development during that boom —a condition unfavorable to organization campaigns. There would seem to be no possible way out except through coöperative industrial engineering which at one time clears away short-sighted union restrictions and at another overrules selfish and unintelligent management. To the successful operation of the Haverhill plan three factors are essential—a strong union, the existence of which will disarm the workers' fears, an employers' association, insuring general acceptance of agreements and decisions, and an impartial arbitrator in whose competence and integrity both parties have faith. These Haverhill possesses. True, many difficulties still exist, not the least of which are on the side of the union. The necessary change in tactics and policies is even in strongly centralized unions not easy to bring about. In Haverhill not one set of officials, but the officers of seven autonomous locals of which the union is composed have to be won over. Furthermore, the final decision upon questions of policy is not lodged in these officials, but in a referendum vote of the membership.

It is too early to predict the outcome in Haverhill. Still, a group of manufacturers who had threatened to move out during the past year have been induced to remain. Elections held in the unions resulted in the reëlection of all save one of the agents who were responsible for carrying into effect the decisions of the impartial chairman. The agreement is now about to be either abrogated or amended. Continuation in essentially its present form seems likely, and therewith continued adjustment of union standards, shop practices and managerial methods until equilbrium is restored.

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flapper Jane

JANE'S a flapper. That is a quaint, old-fashioned term, but I hope you remember its meaning. As you can tell by her appellation, Jane is 19. If she were 29, she would be Dorothy; 39, Doris; 49, Elaine; 59, Jane again—and so on around. This Jane, being 19, is a flapper, though she urgently denies that she is a member of the younger generation. The younger generation, she will tell you, is aged 15 to 17; and she professes to be decidedly shocked at the things they do and say. That is a fact which would interest her minister, if he knew it—poor man, he knows so little! For he regards Jane as a perfectly horrible example of wild youth—paint, cigarettes, cocktails, petting parties—oooh! Yet if the younger generation shocks her as she says, query: how wild is Jane?

Before we come to this exciting question, let us take a look at the young person as she strolls across the lawn of her parents' suburban home, having just put the car away after driving sixty miles in two hours. She is, for one thing, a very pretty girl. Beauty is the fashion in 1925. She is frankly, heavily made up, not to imitate nature, but for an altogether artificial effect—pallor mortis, poisonously scarlet lips, richly ringed eyes—the latter looking not so much debauched (which is the intention) as diabetic. Her walk duplicates the swagger supposed by innocent America to go with the female half of a Paris Apache dance. And there are, finally, her clothes.

These were estimated the other day by some statistician to weigh two pounds. Probably a libel; I doubt they come within half a pound of such bulk. Jane isn't wearing much, this summer. If you'd like to know exactly, it is: one dress, one step-in, two stockings, two shoes.

A step-in, if you are 99 and 44/100ths percent ignorant, is underwear—one piece, light, exceedingly brief but roomy. Her dress, as you can't possibly help knowing if you have even one good eye, and get around at all outside the Old People's Home, is also brief. It is cut low where it might be high, and vice versa. The skirt comes just an inch below her knees, overlapping by a faint fraction her rolled and twisted stockings. The idea is that when she walks in a bit of a breeze, you shall now and then observe the knee (which is *not* rouged—that's just newspaper talk) but always in an accidental, Venus-surprised-at-the-bath sort of way. This is a bit of coyness which hardly fits in with Jane's general character.

Jane's haircut is also abbreviated. She wears of course the very newest thing in bobs, even closer than last year's shingle. It leaves her just about no hair at all in the back, and 20 percent more than that in the front—about as much as is being worn this season by a cellist (male); less than a pianist; and much, much less than a violinist. Because of this new style, one can confirm a rumor heard last year: Jane has ears.

The corset is as dead as the dodo's grandfather; no feeble publicity pipings by the manufacturers, or calling it a "clasp around" will enable it, as Jane says, to "do a Lazarus." The petticoat is even more defunct. Not even a snicker can be raised by telling Jane that once the nation was shattered to its foundations by the shadow-skirt. The brassiere has been abandoned, since 1924. While stockings are usually worn, they are not a sine-qua-nothing-doing. In hot weather Jane reserves the right to discard them, just as all the chorus girls did in 1923. As stockings are only a frantic, successful attempt to duplicate the color and texture of Jane's own sunburned slim legs, few but expert boulevardiers can tell the difference.

These which I have described are Jane's clothes, but they are not merely a flapper uniform. They are The Style, Summer of 1925, Eastern Seaboard. These things and none other are being worn by all of Jane's sisters and her cousins and her aunts. They are being worn by ladies who are three times Jane's age, and look ten years older; by those twice her age who look a hundred years older. Their use is so universal that in our larger cities the baggage transfer companies one and all declare they are being forced into bankruptcy. Ladies who used to go away for the summer with six trunks can now pack twenty dainty costumes in a bag.

Not since 1820 has feminine apparel been so frankly abbreviated as at present; and never, on this side of the Atlantic, until you go back to the little summer frocks of Pocahontas. This year's styles have gone quite a long step toward genuine nudity. Nor is this merely the sensible half of the population dressing as everyone ought to, in hot weather. Last winter's styles weren't so dissimilar, except that they were covered up by fur coats and you got the full effect only indoors. And improper costumes never have their full force unless worn on the street. Next year's styles, from all one hears, will be, as they already are on the continent, even More So.

Our great mentor has failed us: you will see none of the really up-to-date styles in the movies. For old-fashioned, conservative and dowdy dressing, go and watch the latest production featuring Bebe, Gloria or Pola. Under vigilant father Hays the ensilvered screen daren't reveal a costume equal to scores on Fifth Avenue, Broadway—or Wall Street.

Wall Street, by the way, is the one spot in which the New Nakedness seems most appropriate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where men's simple passions have the lowest boiling point; where the lust for possession is most frankly, brazenly revealed and indeed dominates the whole diurnal round—in such a place there is a high appropriateness in the fact that the priestesses in the temple of Mammon, though their service be no more than file clerk or stenographer, should be thus Dionysiac in apparelling themselves for their daily tasks.

Where will it all end? do you ask, thumbing the page ahead in an effort to know the worst. Apologetically I reply that no one can say where it will end. Nudity has been the custom of many countries and over long periods of time. No one who has read history can be very firm in saying that It Never Can Happen Again. We may of course mutter, in feeble tones of hope, that our climate is not propitious.

Few any more are so naïve as not to realize that there are fashions in morals and that these have a limitless capacity for modification. Costume, of course, is A Moral. You can get a rough measure of our movement if you look at the history of the theatre and see how the tidemark of tolerance has risen. For instance:

1904—Performance of Mrs. Warren's Profession is halted by police.

1919—Mrs. Warren O. K. Town roused to frenzy by Aphrodite, in which one chorus girl is exposed for one minute in dim light and a union suit.

1923—Union suit O. K. Self-appointed censors have conniption fits over chorus girls naked from the waist up.

1925—Nudity from waist up taken for granted. Excitement caused by show in which girls wear only fig leaves.

Plotting the curve of tolerance and projecting it into the future, it is thus easy to see that complete nudity in the theatre will be reached on March 12, 1927. Just what will the appalling consequences be?

Perhaps about what they have been in the theatres of several European capitals, where such displays have long been familiar. Those who are interested in that sort of thing will go. Others will abstain.

At this point Billy Sunday, discussing this theme, would certainly drop into anecdotage. Were we to do the same, we might see Jane on the sun porch talking to a mixed group of her mother's week-end guests. "Jane," says one, "I hear you cut yourself in bathing."

"I'll say I did," comes crisply back. "Look!" She lifts her skirt three or four inches, revealing both brown knees, and above one of them a half-healed deep scratch. Proper murmurs of sympathy. From one quarter a chilling silence which draws our attention to the enpurpled countenance of a lady guest in the throes of what Eddie Cantor calls "the sex complex." Jane's knees have thrown her all a-twitter; and mistaking the character of her emotion she thinks it is justified indignation. She is glad to display it openly for the reproof thereby administered.

"Well, damn it," says Jane, in a subsequent private moment, "anybody who can't stand a knee or two, nowadays, might as well quit. And besides, she goes to the beaches and never turns a hair."

Here is a real point. The recent history of the Great Disrobing Movement can be checked up in another way by looking at the bathing costumes which have been accepted without question at successive intervals. There are still a few beaches near New York City which insist on more clothes than anyone can safely swim in, and thereby help to drown several young women each year. But in most places—universally in the West—a girl is now compelled to wear no more than is a man. The enpurpled one, to be consistent, ought to have apoplexy every time she goes to the shore. But as Jane observes, she doesn't.

"Jane," say I, "I am a reporter representing American inquisitiveness. Why do all of you dress the way you do?"

"I don't know," says Jane. This reply means nothing: it is just the device by which the younger generation gains time to think. Almost at once she adds:

"The old girls are doing it because youth is. Everybody wants to be young, now—though they want all us young people to be something else. Funny, isn't it?

"In a way," says Jane, "it's just honesty. Women have come down off the pedestal lately. They are tired of this mysterious-feminine-charm stuff. Maybe it goes with independence, earning your own living and voting and all that. There was always a bit of the harem in that cover-up-your-arms-and-legs business, don't you think?

"Women still want to be loved," goes on Jane, warming to her theme, "but they want it on a 50-50 basis, which includes being admired for the qualities they really possess. Dragging in this strange-allurement stuff doesn't seem sporting. It's like cheating in games, or lying."

"Ask me, did the War start all this?" says Jane helpfully. "The answer is, how do I know? How does anybody know?

"I read this book whaddaya-call-it by Rose Macaulay, and she showed where they'd been excited about wild youth for three generations anyhow—since 1870. I have a hunch maybe they've always been excited.

"Somebody wrote in a magazine how the War had upset the balance of the sexes in Europe and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girls over there were wearing the new styles as part of the competition for husbands. Sounds like the bunk to me. If you wanted to nail a man for life I think you'd do better to go in for the old-fashioned line: 'March me to the altar, esteemed sir, before you learn whether I have limbs or not.'

"Of course, not so many girls are looking for a life meal-ticket nowadays. Lots of them prefer to earn their own living and omit the home-and-baby act. Well, anyhow, postpone it years and years. They think a bachelor girl can and should do everything a bachelor man does."

"It's funny," says Jane, "that just when women's clothes are getting scanty, men's should be going the other way. Look at the Oxford trousers!—as though a man had been caught by the ankles in a flannel quicksand."

Do the morals go with the clothes? Or the clothes with the morals? Or are they independent? These are questions I have not ventured to put to Jane, knowing that her answer would be "so's your old man." Generally speaking, however, it is safe to say that as regards the wildness of youth there is a good deal more smoke than fire. Anyhow, the new Era of Undressing, as already suggested, has spread far beyond the boundaries of Jane's group. The fashion is followed by hordes of unquestionably monogamous matrons, including many who join heartily in the general ululations as to what young people are coming to. Attempts to link the new freedom with prohibition, with the automobile, the decline of Fundamentalism, are certainly without foundation. These may be accessory, and indeed almost certainly are, but only after the fact.

That fact is, as Jane says, that women today are shaking off the shreds and patches of their age-old servitude. "Feminism" has won a victory so nearly complete that we have even forgotten the fierce challenge which once inhered in the very word. Women have highly resolved that they are just as good as men, and intend to be treated so. They don't mean to have any more unwanted children. They don't intend to be debarred from any profession or occupation which they choose to enter. They clearly mean (even though not all of them yet realize it) that in the great game of sexual selection they shall no longer be forced to play the rôle, simulated or real, of helpless quarry. If they want to wear their heads shaven, as a symbol of defiance against the former fate which for three millenia forced them to dress their heavy locks according to male decrees, they will have their way. If they should elect to go naked nothing is more certain than that naked they will go, while from the sidelines to which he has been relegated mere man is vouchsafed permission only to pipe a feeble Hurrah!

Hurrah!

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Old Old Old Andrew Jackson

I

I will speak of your deeds, Andrew Jackson,
When I take the free road again.
Old turkey-cock on a forest rock,
Old faithful heart who could boast and strut;
I will think of you when the woods are cut—
Old, old Andrew Jackson.

It is now the fifth of March, it is 1833
And you wonder with an aching heart, have you set your people free?
You see the frontier skirmish-line of the western cabins, built
For man's escape from Babylon, from Europe's gold and gilt;
And yet you know this Washington
Is too fine too superfine,
Is full of sugar, is full of cake and wine.

Some are born to be bullied and chidden,
Born to be bridled, born to be ridden,
Born to be harried or whipped or hidden;
Others born booted and spurred to ride.
I dreamed as a boy of Andrew Jackson,
Booted and spurred to ride.

He broke the horns of all cattle who horned him,
He broke the bones of all who scorned him;—
Biddle or Webster or Clay or Calhoun.
The finest hope from the Cave of Adullam,
Since David ascended the throne;—
Old Andrew Jackson, the old, old raven, lean as a bone!
Now his smart lackey, Van Buren is gone,
Van Buren's bootlickers and toadies have gone,
But the best and the worst of "The People," stay on.
Young frontiersmen drink around Jackson,
Yet he sits alone,
Like a stone.

He is cold, he is old.
The night is so empty, so weary, so dreary,
He is short of breath, he breathes hardly at all,
He wishes for death and the end of it all—
He sighs for his coffin, his pall and shroud,
And calls for his Rachel aloud.

Then he thinks of Van Buren and all such men,
Then stands up and laughs, and laughs again.
For he thinks what all lions think of all jackals;
Then he thinks of the time when the world was young
When he threaded black woods without guard, without guide,
And shot without trial all who slandered and lied;
He thinks of gigantic scoundrels he hung
In West Tennessee, when the Nation was young,
In Florida, when the Nation was young.
Then he thinks he will soon again
Hang such traitors
And especially John C. Calhoun

This man who could never change his mind,
Who put strange fight into humankind.
Still cold as a stone,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abrupt, alone,
Old old,
Old old, old old Andrew Jackson.

He climbs to the roof, where the stars are aglow,
One constellation a buffalo.
He says: "The world is so queer and so wide!"
He wonders if that new notion is sound—
These rascals say that the world is round.
And he watches the fires on the edge of the sky,
Far-off delirious dancers go by;—
Democracy prancing on far-off hills,
Where the hard cider pours down
In rivers and rills.

That game-cock look is all over him now,
Don Quixote now, with a dangerous eye,
He inflexibly stands
With a Bible and picture there in his hands;
His wife's tattered Bible tight in his hands,
And her miniature there in his lonely hands:—
Old Rachel Jackson,
Our flag, our flag, in her capable hands,
Her faithful and deathless hands!

He tramp-tramp-tramps down the creaky stair,
With a rattle of spurs jingling out the old story,
Democracy's shame and Democracy's glory,
A natural king with a raven wing;
Cold no more, weary no more—
Old old, old old Andrew Jackson!

Now his new west wind a loud song is singing:
Down the White House chimney the wild song is winging:—
"West Tennessee brought white horses for him,
Strong colts in relays, white horses in line,
Each steed had more splendor, fury more fine,
War horses, king horses, stallions divine.
Then the whole Nation brought white horses for him."

There on the second inaugural night,
With a cane he drove the last revelers out,
For there were swine in the glamor and rout.
There were gourds on the floor, empty hard cider kegs,
Broken-up tables, and broken chair legs.
But, far on the edge of the Maryland hills,
Bonfires burned high, the revelers danced,
Steeds and riders snorted and pranced;
Thebes had gone down, Sparta gone down,
Babylon, Rome, London Tower fallen,
The Bastille fallen! Mankind was made new.
The only crown was Democracy's crown,
The only town left was Democracy's town,
And Jackson was king of it, too.
And the hard cider poured down the hills and the trails,
And men drank up glory from gourds and from pails.

II

Strange indeed are the ways of the Giver,
Pouring out the people forever.
From forest and field,
They will ever renew,
But the Jacksons are few.

When I take the free road again,
I will hide like an under-the-desert river,
The better to learn the ways of the Giver.

"The kings and the commons against the world—"
Where have we heard that story before?
How soon will we hear it one time more?
In the name of that cause I will knock at your door—
Of that natural king,
Soon come begging again,
Oh, free American women and men.

III

So, from Sun-Mountain,
When cliff shadows deepen,
I look to the west
At sunset, at moonrise, beyond where the sun
Has ended its journey, and stars have begun,
And I sing my song in valor and pride,
How Jackson still on white horses will ride.
Looking into my campfire, there on Sun-Mountain,
A hissing, a showering, a fiery fountain;
A more and more unaccountable flowering!

I watch there all night
Till the last logs burn down,
And I see in the bright
Immaculate coals the Pacific foam;
I see in the bright
Immaculate coals Jackson's horses of white!—

Oh, horses in relays, horses in line,
Each steed has more splendor, fury more fine,
War horses, king horses, stallions divine!
He rides the Pacific on clouds red and white.

Now the new west wind a loud song is singing,
Again and again and again till the day:
"Some men are born saddled and bridled to be ridden,
Others born booted and spurred to ride.
I sing the song of Andrew Jackson,
Born booted and spurred to ride!
West Tennessee brought white horses for him,
Strong colts in relays, white horses in line;
Each steed grew in splendor, with fury more fine—
War horses, king horses, stallions divine!
Then the Nation brought white horses for him
Old old, old old, Andrew Jackson!
Then Death brought white horses for him."

And I lift my eyes from my all-night campfire,
And I see him ride the high clouds of desire,
For he was born booted and spurred to ride!—
Booted and spurred to ride! My darlings,
Born booted and spurred to ride!

VACHEL LINDSAY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love in Idleness

The Enchanted April, by Kane Campbell, Morosco Theatre, August 24, 1925.

FOR once Hollywood is right. When the moving pictures take a novel they make it mean what they want it to mean; the question is who's to be master, the novel or the picture. They use the title, since it has an advertising value and an aroma of readers' pleasure about it; otherwise they take their own where they find it and there's an end to the matter.

The Enchanted April as we see it now at the Morosco Theatre, dramatized by Kane Campbell and set forth by the Miss Stewart whose canny production of The Show Off gave us what seems to me the best American comedy in years, needs to cut loose. It should be freed of its origin; clearer in its own mind. It needs the outline of the dramatic design stiffened, the dramatic intention underscored, it needs more direction, a steadier progress. The audience likes it, there are laughs and silent delights as the scenes go forward; but the audience cannot run with it. There is no momentum, no certainty of course, no joyous racing alongside.

The story of this novel, as everybody knows by now, centres around a set of four ladies who rent a castle on the Riviera from a young painter. There are two wives, one of whom is neglected by her author husband, who goes philandering, one of whom is worn with her solicitor husband and his punctuality and Gladstonian husks. The third lady is a lord's daughter, escaping from the weary season and its marriage pursuits and from her every-inch a mother. The fourth is a Mrs. Fisher, formidably connected, impressively acquainted, now well past her prime.

This is at bottom, anyone can see, a sentimental etude, a set of conclusions of the heart, of three couples whose life histories are now bathed for a month at least in moonlight and sun and stars by that Ligurian sea, are tangled with wistaria, are starred with flowers. What saves all this, for the worldly and sophisticate at any rate, is the novelist's cynical touch, the creator of Elizabeth's well-known impishness and sauciness of mood. But that, obviously, is easier to do in a novel than in a play. The Enchanted April, as we see it at the Morosco Theatre, has no consistent mind throughout; it begins in the brain of the novelist, but well before the last scene it has sweetened and subsided into the playwright's resolution of it into the familiar harmonies of our stage; and so the entertainment is more or less lost. The charm of the last act, with its forgivings and reconciliations and noble turns of mind and heart, would be achieved only by keeping the characters in their old veins, making them come through in their characteristic ways of talking and acting, instead of turning them into pious puppets to carry out the loving story. But this would require the same talent in the adaptor that the author was blessed with. That talent as the play proceeds does not appear in the playwright to any great degree; what appears is the concessive pliability of amiable theatre.

The setting for The Enchanted April is another example of what we so often meet with on the stage when the scene is Spanish or Italian. For years in our theatres before Sumurun, and even yet for that matter, we had Oriental scenes that were all curlicues, paper arches, gilt, blue, rose, pink, the luxury of barber shops carried to its seventh heaven; and this was regarded as the Eastern theme of lust and splendor and houris, sherbets, song and cushions. The East is farther away, the Latin décor is more available to our eyes. But we still clutter and prettify our settings of it. Mr. Sheldon K. Viele's room in the castle is not bad in its form and tone; but the furnishings, alas, have the material and taste and over-ripe de luxe of specious hotels. Mr. Robert Edmond Jones seems to be the only one of our designers so far who knows the rich austerity, the barren magnificence, the unsentimentalized elaboration and rich harshness of Latin places.

Of the actors Miss Alison Skipwith, with the star part, carried off most of the glory, especially in the first three acts, where she was provided more ground to stand on. She is a sure-fire player, Miss Skipwith, monumentally expert, and if she tends to ravish the scene from beneath the other players at the Morosco, it is not wholly her fault. Mr. Herbert Yost, as the solicitor husband, is fair, more in key with the comedy that the novelist at least intended than are the other people around him. Mr. Hugh Huntley enacted the painter, Thomas W. Briggs. He has a likable quality but has not yet learned his business; he is all stuck and hedged about in the midst of the action, and moves, not always happily, like a solitary islander among his arms and legs. Miss Adelina Roattino and Mr. John Ravold, as the two hereditary servants of the castle, if not very good really, if not very twanging or vibrant, were sympathetic because they loved and understood their parts and leapt along with their scenes. Miss Elizabeth Risdon often forced and often allowed her voice some very ugly values, but knew how to plant her effects unerringly; the meanings of her Mrs. Wilkins, the solicitor's starved wife, were skillfully shovelled on.

And this is the lesson that Miss Helen Gahagan might well study from Miss Risdon. Of this company in The Enchanted April Miss Gahagan is the most interesting participant, not for her performance, which was most unequal as well as for the most part badly costumed, but for her talent, her great beauty, her seriousness of attack, her promise.

The sight in Miss Gahagan of these elements that go to make an artist of distinction, leads to serious consideration of her and to some advice. In the first place, then, she should go to Mr. Mordkin and his school and learn stage line and movement, gesture, walking, sitting, the use of the proportion and scale of the particular body that one works with. In this respect now she is miles below her fine physical equipment and her fine concern with her art. Vocally, she has a very good fundamental tone, but her voice now has too much breath on it, too much of the aspirate sound. Her speech is moving toward false vowels and a pseudo-London vagueness of diction. These defects with study and through an association with the other arts, sculpture, poetry, music, she can correct; the right projection of her points over the footlights and the right continuity of idea and steady control ought to come with time and practice.

The main trouble with The Enchanted April is that, as so often happens in the theatre, it knows more than it cares to say. Not every playwright could have seen the wit of this novel, or written those first scenes; almost every playwright could have mulled over the last. But the evening is pleasant and worth while, its humor, its atmosphere, its romance with a wink. These English people, their whims and passions, their proprieties, their incongruous dimension, their complex egotisms, under a classic sun—tea beside the Mediterranean.

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salvation and 5 Percent

ONE of the most attractive advertisements of the year occurs in Everybody's Magazine for August. It is headed

RELIGION AND REVENUE

Glorified by a Wonderful Ideal

beneath which is a cut, from the architect's drawings, presumably, of a building which looks rather like the Hotel Shelton, but is named Broadway Temple. The major part of the page has this cut, a list of directors, a short statement: Why This is a SAFE Investment, and a coupon. A box, the length of the page, contains an excerpt from an editorial in the White Plains Daily Reporter, and it is here that the details are presented.

At a cost of $4,000,000, it seems, a "Business Building" dedicated to Christianity is to rise at One Hundred and Seventy-Third Street and Broadway in New York City. It will be a skyscraper facing a whole block on Broadway; a tower, twenty-four stories high, will be surmounted by a revolving cross, thirty-four feet high, illuminated in what the editorial writer calls "unquenchable light . . . visible, glittering against the heavens." For this skyscraper is also a church and a hotel, with Sunday-school rooms and private apartments and cafeterias. The hotel will accommodate perhaps 1,000 people, in its 644 rooms, and the apartments will be rented to 500 more.

> This Broadway Temple is, in a sense, a gigantic symbol of the uncontrovertible fact that Godliness can and should be continuous. Broadway will be the better for a substantial reminder of this Holy Presence.

The sponsors of the Temple are quoted:

> A 5 percent investment in your Fellow Man's Salvation, Broadway Temple is to be a combination of Church and Skyscraper, Religion and Revenue, Salvation and 5 percent—and the 5 percent is based on ethical Christian grounds.

Donn Barber, the architect, has created "an architectural wonder of the age" which also "represents a spiritual stepping-stone in man's climb upward to the Cross." And the last lines of the box and of the coupon are both important. The first is, "Buy These Bonds and Let God Come to Broadway," the second, "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has agreed to take the last $250,000 of the Bonds."

In a sense this is the advertisement for which all Americans and London Punch have been waiting. What fun to imagine an advertisement of this sort signed "Randall Cantuar" or follow-up letters "Dictated but not read" by Dean Inge. And yet the significant thing about the advertisement is that it is not offensive; "salvation and 5 percent" is brash, but not hypocritical. "Business and Christianity will be housed under one roof" is, after all, a statement of fact; and the investment in your fellow man's salvation is preceded by the promise of 5 percent. "Merely as an investment the Bonds . . . are inviting as a business proposition" and nine-tenths of the advertisement talks straight business. You may privately suspect that the church, also called "cathedral," is only a bait for the skyscraper; but after all, there will be a church, and the exploiters are putting the emphasis on the more than half a million estimated annual income which will leave a net surplus for the bond holders of $125,590. There is less cant in this than in hundreds of advertisements.

The remarkable lapse in the advertisement is its failure to be precise about the Christianity to which the Temple will be dedicated. Although I have read newspaper accounts of this project, and think I know the name of the energetic pastor whose church it will be, I get no assurance from the ad itself. Obviously the intention is to leave this vague, so that men of all creeds will contribute to the Christian skyscraper. The eventual universality of St. John the Divine was advertised during the campaign to raise enough money to complete the cathedral, but no one was left long in doubt as to the denomination represented there, in spite of gifts from Methodists, Baptists, and Jews. But no 5 percent operated in that case to eliminate creeds. Here the business proposition takes the place of the religious, and in place of a few facts about God as an investment, we have a few facts about hotels and apartments.

These few facts about God are, however, important on the business side as well. The 5 percent based on ethical Christian grounds implies a great deal; above all that the 5 percent will be earned in such a way that there will be no conflict with the ethics of Christianity. The 500 dwellers in the apartment houses will pay a moderate sum, but nearly half a million income from the hotel ought to give a tidy profit. Is profit basically Christian? Or rent? Or 5 percent? The stores for which room is provided will also present a problem, for all their wares should be subject to divine scrutiny: are they honest, are they made by union (if unions are Christian) labor, is there neither adulteration nor wage-slavery? Or will the whole problem be solved by having no door from the hotel to the Church and will each operate with entire indifference to the other?

The excellent Board of Directors have no doubt settled these minor matters, but they ought to take the investing public into their confidence. Yet even if they have not yet gone into conference on these issues, their advertisement justifies itself. In one way it begins to put Christianity on a paying basis; architecturally it will give religion something to put beside the tower of learning at the University of Pittsburgh. But best of all, it brings the philosophy of Undershaft into the active work of religion, as against the philosophy of Christ and St. Francis. The country minister with $800 a year will have something to look forward to; the success of the Temple will mean the success of the religion behind it. The faith of the Middle Ages expressed itself in cathedrals; our faith can do as much. One only wonders what would pass through the mind of a Henry Adams, rapt in his contemplation of Chartres, as he looked at this new advertisement of Christianity. Chartres, he felt, was created by, was actually a symbol of, Power, and his acute intelligence would have confessed that this new Temple, too, indicated a power, but of what order, of what discipline, and of what effect, he would hardly have been sure.

GILBERT SELDES.

The Mother

So that mysterious mother, faint with sleep,
And given into her arms her new-born son
And felt upon her bosom the cherished one
Breathe, and stiffen his tiny limbs and weep.
Her arms became as wings folding him over
Into that lovely pleasaunce, and her heart
Beat like a tiny bell: "He is my lover,
He is my son, and we shall never part—
Never, never, never, never—But why?"
And she suddenly bowed her head and began to cry.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

1917.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Night Clubs

I

TEXAS GUINAN'S: *Now this little girl isn't much of a singer—I mean, singer. She learned singing in a correspondence school and she missed a coupla letters. But she's the* nicest *little girl in the whole show! Now I wantcha all to give this little girl a nice great big hand!*—Everybody applauds: they are compelled to. In the compact room, under the great closed glowing peony that melts from pink through deep rose to orange, swollen and hypnotic to drunken eyes, among the green and red carnation panels framing bogus señoritas, this prodigious woman, with her pearls, her glittering bosom, her abundant beautifully bleached yellow coiffure, her formidable trap of shining white teeth, her broad bare back behind its grating of green velvet, the full-blown peony as big as a cabbage exploding on her broad green thigh, not merely dominates her little girls, chucking them under the chin, goading them along, jacking them up during their dull moments—*This little girl is new: give her a hand!*—forestalling outcry against their deficiencies—*You girls sound like Charlie Schwab's back-yard!*—but commands the audience, drills their applause, summons the languid to attention, deals immediately with tact but authority with disorderly interruptions, makes short work of disapproval or dissent, drives all along through an evening of entertainment without gaiety, of speed without recreation, stimulating and controlling, in a race with the excitement she has roused. As the night is stretched later and later, the excitement becomes more and more violent: by four, there is likely to be a fight. Jealousies, boastings, desperations, strong with accelerations of Scotch, break through the pressure that has kept them in place. But Texas Guinan's knows how to deal with them: the brawlers are summarily torn up by the roots and put through into the street with the ruthlessness and despatch of a Renaissance prince making away with a conspirator.

II

Club Alabam: The Alabam is more open, more easy and more leisurely than Texas Guinan's. There is a long and quite ample dance-floor lined with tables sufficiently far apart—red and white checkered table-cloths under imitation palms. The entertainment is elaborate and extremely good—I like particularly the posed evolutions of the high-yellow girls in their towering pink plumes. The chief feature of the show is the Negro pantomimist and jazz dancer, Johnny Hudgins. Johnny Hudgins, who has appeared much in vaudeville, seems to have earned the reputation among the Negroes themselves of being the most considerable colored comedian since Bert Williams. And there can be no doubt that he is, in his line, a remarkable artist. What is most striking about him is the simplicity of the material which he is able to make effective. He neither sings nor tells any jokes nor does he work anything up with a partner. One of his principal acts is a pantomime of a man singing a pathetic song with intense simple-heartedness and single-mindedness while a muted cornet supplies the bleating of a tremulous tenor voice. Another is a dance with an invisible girl: nothing he does is better than the bad few moments he passes when he has been cut in on and has lost her and is left alone on the crowded dance-floor dodging imaginary couples—disappointed, bewildered, gaping.

Hudgins's great distinction lies in his economy and restraint, in his genuinely fine taste—and in his incomparable sense of musical rhythm. Everything he does—his stumblings on the dance-floor, his tossing flowers to the audience from his hat, his sudden plunge from his sobbing solo into a spasm of sprawling Charleston steps—is a part of a jazz dance. No one has ever worked more freely in stricter obedience to beat. If Hudgins is not a clown, a dancer, of the first order, Mr. Seldes, who seems unaccountably not to have written about him, must tell us why.

III

The Triangle: The Triangle is not quite a night club but then it is more like a night club than a theatre. Though it put on Uncle Tom's Cabin last winter, its present show is a Greenwich Village cabaret. Of all the small places of entertainment in the Village, the Triangle is positively the smallest. Accessible by a long and narrow flight of stairs which take you far below the Eleventh Street pavement, it consists of a small room filled with gray wooden tables and decorated with newspaper clippings and a small stage without footlights on the same level—so that when the set happens to include tables and chairs, late arrivals are likely to walk into the performance and sit down among the actors under the impression that they are taking their seats. This danger is particularly grave when the actors have stepped out of the stage in the Reinhardt manner for some special effectiveness. As it is, the man who manipulates the spotlight has to do so from the first row of the audience and a restless spectator situated next to him is in danger of jogging his elbow and making him drop his gelatine slide, thus robbing the prima donna of her green moonlight and exposing her to a hard white glare. And visitors in search of the smoking-room are obliged to pass back-stage among the actors.

The show itself includes odds and ends of jokes, a lady dressed as a Pierrot and a deep-sea chantey sung in nautical costume by a group of refined and gentle fellows. This entertainment is entitled The Diverted Village and announced as a satire on the quarter but it has no more appropriateness or point than if the producers lived in Flatbush. In fact, one feels a little as if the Triangle were a symptom of the decay of the Village. From groups of this kind below Twelfth Street in the past much that is interesting and valuable has arisen and there is still a certain satisfaction in realizing that they can continue to spring up and survive. There may be a real spark of life in the Triangle—as there is perhaps also in the Cherry Lane. But how different from the old Provincetown Players and the old Golden Eagle—scarcely more sordid or more cramped: they were at least not poor in wit or in imagination. One is apparently supposed to be served at the Triangle but I never saw anybody order anything; a cigarette girl distributed pictures of herself to the audience and a caricaturist made caricatures, but nobody seemed to buy any. It was with a different verve that Tiny Tim in the old days used to succeed in selling for such preposterous prices so many boxes of bad candy—and is now said to be living on the profits in a handsome house on East Eightieth Street with a summer cottage at Great Neck! It is the landlords who are spoiling the Village: in rendering life there respectable and expensive, they are discouraging the clever people who have not much to live on and are making the Bohemians who still try to get a foot-hold feel out of place and self-conscious.

EDMUND WILSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Seminaries and Fundamentalism

SIR: The affair at Dayton is now a pretty thoroughly squeezed lemon. Your editorial on the theological situation in the South and its causes must, however, have aroused in others, as it did in me, some sense of surprise. The Editor of the New Republic is usually so well informed that while his readers at times may disagree with his opinions, they do not usually find occasion to challenge his facts. Yet you seem to me clearly in the wrong in attributing the prevalence of fundamentalism to the theological seminaries.

In the first place, there are almost no seminaries that are fundamentalist. One has only to glance over their courses of study and list of text books to convince himself of that. And, unfortunately, as may easily be found out, there are few seminaries in the South. Even more important and more to the point is a second fact, following largely upon that just mentioned. The great majority of pastors, and especially of evangelists, in the Southern States, have never attended a seminary. These institutions, as a rule, require previous college training, and statistics are at hand showing that the proportion of college trained men in the ministry of the more numerous Southern denominations is painfully small. Pity 'tis 'tis true, no doubt. But how far it goes in explaining certain phenomena is manifest.

GEO. B. WINTON.

Paducah, Ky.

SIR: I have been an enthusiastic reader of the New Republic for some time and have had considerable confidence in its leadership and the reliability of its editorial position, but since reading your editorials on the Scopes trial a cloud of doubt has arisen in my mind somewhat larger than a man's hand.

If your attitude on politics, education, finance and all other subjects which you discuss is based on as great a mass of misinformation and blind prejudice as has been your position in this matter certainly we can put little confidence in anything you say.

You have been stating dogmatically and as a matter of course that Mr. Bryan represents the whole of organized Christianity. You have assumed and confidently asserted that

> the education which the ordinary American clergyman receives in the denominational schools does not differ essentially from its analogue of 150 years ago. . . . These schools have never even considered the changes in their curriculum which the increase in knowledge of natural processes and the improved technology of science may have rendered necessary. They have turned out generation after generation of clergymen as ignorant and as much hypnotized by the traditional meaning and supposed potency of words as is Mr. Bryan.

And this is only one of many similar utterances.

I have confidently expected that others better able than I to deal with this matter would call you to account for this utterly false and apparently deliberate misrepresentation. I say "deliberate" because it would have been so easy for you to have discovered the real facts that the neglect to do so is inexcusable.

I can speak only for seminaries of the Episcopal Church but I have good reason for a confidence that the same thing applies to the seminaries of many other Christian bodies, notably the Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Unitarians. Twenty years ago my instruction in the General Theological Seminary included instruction in Evolution, and the whole course in Apologetics was based on the assured results of scientific investigation at that date and the curriculum has been changed from time to time since then to keep it thoroughly modern in every sense of the word.

Moreover no student can enter our seminaries until he has received a college degree or has done equivalent work under authorized instructors. This is at least as much formal education as your self-elected intelligentsia receive and it equips them with infallible knowledge upon all subjects, including religion. You assume however that three additional years of special training under recognized scholars make them ignorant, including the one in which they are specializing. If by any chance you were referring only to a certain group of "Bible schools" and "preacher training courses" of one or two denominations, you owed it to your own reputation for fairness to say so specifically.

I know a great many clergymen intimately and I do not know one who is not convinced of the fundamental assumptions of evolution and has something more than the average intelligent man's knowledge of the developments of science. Moreover, none of them has the attitude toward the Bible in general and the Old Testament in particular that you attribute as a matter of course to all clergymen without exception.

It is characteristic of Liberals that they feel inspired with infallible knowledge about all things pertaining to churches, so that it is not necessary for them to investigate. They never go to church but they know all about churches. They have personal acquaintance with no clergymen but they have the most intimate knowledge of their reactions, deriving this knowledge from the comic strips and from the caricatures which a Jewish syndicate places upon the stage. In reality, the clergy are a decent, intelligent, honest and manly lot who endure a great deal for their convictions, not the least of their sufferings being the misrepresentation they receive at the hands of uninformed intelligentsia.

Again I am constrained to wonder if Liberals form their judgments on plays, books, politics, finance and industry on the same scanty shreds of information, the same mass of misinformation, the same blind prejudice which they use in their dogmatic pronouncements about churches. May we not expect of you, Mr. Editor, that before you make any further sweeping condemnations of theological education and its products, you put forth the very slight effort necessary to gather some information on the subject? And if by any chance you should discover that there are any variations from the type you assume and represent as universal, will you not be honest enough to declare it?

C. W. WHITMAN.

St. Mary's City, Md.

[The two letters printed herewith refuse to recognize the obvious facts which justify the New Republic's original description of the education received by the majority of American clergy of all denominations except the Unitarian. That education is Fundamentalist, not merely because it for the most part refuses to recognize the natural origin of man and to accept the implications of this hypothesis but because it is authoritarian and derives its standards of truth from a literal scriptural revelation. There are, of course, many theological seminaries, particularly belonging to the Episcopal Church, which seek to square their teaching with some of the obvious results of modern science. There is one seminary, viz., the Union in New York, which is taking account not merely of some of the results but of the methods of modern science. It remains true, however, that the education received by the majority of the American clergy is not essentially different from what it was 150 years ago. There have been some eliminations and some changes of emphasis, but there has been no serious or general attempt to educate clergymen who are capable of dealing with a society and with individuals whose problems have been revolutionized by the specialist technology, the realism, the naturalism, and the experimentalism of modern science. We may add that Mr. Winton's denial that the great majority of the pastors in the South have ever attended a seminary is irrelevant. Their habits of mind and canons of evidence are determined by brethren who have attended the seminaries.—THE EDITORS.]

No More Subways

SIR: In your issue of August 26 you have an important and valuable editorial headed No More Subways. With the gist of your argument as to the need of intelligent city planning, I am in agreement. With some of its details and conclusions, I am not. The need of new subways is already so great that the transit issue cannot be ignored or postponed until after a city planning program is complete. A sounder statement of the problem is contained in the Socialist and Labor Fusion platform. Its plank on transit ends as follows:

> Finally, it must be remembered that the transit problem is bound up with housing and zoning. Its solution requires an end of the congestion of working places for the people in comparatively small areas of Manhattan.

It then proceeds to give planks on housing and markets, two of the subjects which you rightly hold vital to a real remedy of our ills.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I should also like to suggest that the Socialist and Labor Fusion Convention in nominating Norman Thomas nominated a candidate somewhat better fitted for modern conditions in New York than the pessimistic Mr. Malthus of whom you seem to desire a new edition. Mr. Thomas is interested in the problem of population even to the extent of favoring birth control.

Finally, and more seriously, I should like to enter a vigorous protest against your closing sentence. You may or may not like all the planks of the Socialist platform, but at least it deals in intelligent form with most of the issues to which you refer. Why, then, must you wait until "1929 or 1933" for a campaign in which "it will be important to take sides"? Is it because of some subconscious liberal antipathy to the word Socialist? Or to a Socialist Party this side the water? Or is it because the Socialist Party and its allies will not elect the next Mayor of New York? None of these reasons seems to me to be worthy of the New Republic, and the chances of a campaign in which it will be important to take sides will be greatly increased if liberals of your type will aid by support and constructive suggestion the only party in the city which is seriously facing the problems you have discussed.

EDWARD LEVINSON,
Assistant Editor, The New Leader.

New York, N. Y.

The Scientist Bends the Knee

SIR: The right-minded scientist "bends the knee" only to Truth; but that does not prevent him from taking an interest in folks and the faiths they live by. It is easy enough for editors to imagine what "the modern strategists of science" are saying, and thus have something at which they may shed a tear, but I am inclined to think that the scientists themselves can better state "the spirit of modern science" than can even the worthy and respected editors of the New Republic.

Men of science have been teaching the best they know, "whether it undermines your faith or not." And now they are charged by uninformed but very efficient broadcasters with the destruction of faiths that have been long held dear and that have accomplished much for the betterment of mankind. Surely they have a right to speak in their own defense.

When a scientist states that "evolution and religion are strictly compatible," no intelligent person thinks he means to say that evolution and the scientific method are in harmony with every theology of the past and present. Modern science is unquestionably destructive to faith in a God whose chief mode of demonstrating his presence is by the breaking of natural laws, to faith that some extra-terrestrial force aided only by the prayers of the elect will some day set aright this sorry human world, to faith in the efficacy of shibboleths and superstitions. It annihilates many a tradition of the churches. But there is such a thing as a religion based on facts and experiences, a religion developed by rigidly scientific methods of thought. Scientists believe such a religion to be the only kind worth while. Many of us believe that true Christianity is just that sort of religion.

Ancient Hebrew folklore is not the basis of Christianity, no matter how much it may have contributed to the philosophy which has made Christianity possible. Scientists believe they are contributing to the development of a true religion when they strip off the husks of tradition that compass Christianity round about, and thus help to reveal the kernel of truth which is its really fundamental basis. In that sense evolution and religion are in harmony. That is what they have been trying to tell a worried and perplexed audience.

Scientists are "custodians of civilization" because civilization is a product of the evolutionary processes with which they are so deeply concerned. By the same token, they appreciate the fact that civilization is itself in a state of flux; that evolution indicates the certainty that civilizations will change. The status quo cannot be permanent to any evolutionist, nor has he any stake in the attempt to make it so.

At his best, the scientist searches for truth with utter disregard of its moral implications or spiritual by-products. When, however, his attention is called to illogical moral implications or erroneous spiritual by-products with which his truths are cloaked by others, surely he should be expected to point out what he considers the correct deductions to be. Can that by any possibility make him a poorer scientist?

And may I trespass on your time just a moment more to comment on the letter from your correspondent in Maine published August 12 under the caption Evolution vs. Purpose? Probably the writer is correct in concluding that evolution which conforms to religion is necessarily characterized by purpose. But that gets one into deep water only if one assumes that the purpose is to provide a Pollyannic paradise of perfection in which no ill can befall even the most ignorant. Perhaps the purpose is only the experimental one of ascertaining whether or not the vital forces manifest in a mundane environment can succeed in developing a type of life fit to carry on peacefully and happily in accordance with the regulations of that environment. The difficulties set forth in that letter are the ancient ones which inhere in any doctrine of predestination unrelieved by freedom of will.

KIRTLEY F. MATHER,
Chairman, Department of Geology and Geography, Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Your editorial, Science Bends the Knee, in the August 5 issue, did me more good than anything I have read in a long time. The "agreement" bunk passed out by scientists to fundamentalists and modernists, or modified fundamentalists, would lead one to believe that our scientists had consulted an advertising agency as to the best way to "put over" their campaign to "sell" the masses on evolution. In my opinion a campaign of this kind can only be a hindrance, both for the scientists and those for whom the bunk is concocted.

Would it not be better to antagonize and shock than to conciliate and concede, to put the defenders of religion and the Bible on the offensive by announcing, for instance, that there is no longer any need for the conception of a "soul" and thus confront the animists with a peril so much greater that the question of evolution will pale into insignificance? Alas, I am afraid that a great number of our scientists would in that event entrench themselves behind the gaps in our knowledge rather than behind the facts at hand. There are so many good deacons and Sunday-school teachers among them! Their scientific training makes them very careful indeed about formulating hypotheses, but on the other hand, they show very little scruple in the matter of "bending the knee" to popular prejudice. This is not true of all by any means. Would that we had many more with the courage of Huxley and Jacques Loeb. Hear the latter declare:

> It is unwarranted to continue the statement that in addition to the acceleration of oxidations the beginning of individual life is determined by the entrance of a metaphysical "life principle" into the egg; and that death is determined, aside from the cessation of oxidations, by the departure of this "principle" from the body. In the case of the evaporation of water we are satisfied with the explanation given by the kinetic theory of gases and do not demand that—to repeat the well known jest of Huxley—the disappearance of the "acquosity" be also taken into consideration.

L. D. ROUECHÉ.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Plight of State Colleges

SIR: Your article, College Drives, makes me wonder why you do not devote some space to state colleges. The conditions in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, Florida and other colleges will give you food for thought.

Harvard recently elected a Catholic to its controlling board. Was that to fight the state college movement?

A member of the Rutgers community told me that they did not mean to let the working girls and boys of Newark and Jersey City spoil their nice college, that they had a nice Dutch Reformed clientele and did not mean to have it spoiled by working people.

I thought the state colleges were planned to follow the high school and without discrimination. CATHERINE C. WARREN.

Woods Hole, Mass.

A Prize for a Payment Plan

SIR: Why hasn't some philanthropist like Edward Bok offered a prize for the best essay submitted by the public on the most economical way of dealing with the inter-Allied and German debts? Perhaps it would not be any more effective in changing government policy than the other "peace prizes," but it would be educational. Philanthropy failing, the prize might be paid out of that allegedly unlimited fund—German reparations! HENRY NICHOLSON.

Buffalo, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Negro Songs without Music

The Negro and his Songs, a study of typical Negro Songs in the South, by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press.

THE authors of this conscientious volume must inevitably fail to make their subject matter as interesting to a reader as it was to them, for the simple fact that they have been forced to confine themselves to the words of Negro songs alone, and to let the reader's imagination or memory fill in the gap of the music. It is a large gap. The words of Negro Songs are the smaller part of the interest they can have for us, and without the music the words are often pathetically barren. More than most folk-songs, the improvisations of the Negro are founded on the melodies and harmonies of which they are but an accompaniment, an accompaniment which, taken by itself, does small justice to the talents of the colored people who made them up. Mr. Odum and Mr. Johnson have collected the whole or scraps of hundreds of songs, some old, some new; religious songs, "social" songs, work songs, and without the magic of Negro voices they do not make very lively reading. Yet there is a kind of fascination in this curious collection, the kind of fascination that comes from looking at something on the surface very simple, often crude, often laughable, sometimes quaint, which, underneath, we probably do not understand or are likely never to understand. It is very easy to be superior, and smile at these Negro hymns, so flat and childish and hopeful and exaggerated, or to be sentimentally moved by their naïve longing and simplicity, but it is not easy to forget all the other songs and peoples we can compare them with and try to pierce beyond the words to the mind and soul of another race. The words amuse us, strike us as curious; the music is a rare, original gift, which we seem to have lost, which does not make us feel superior. Yet, as these songs are sung, the music and the words are inseparable partners, and listening to them we stand perplexed between our envy and our superiority.

But in the matter of religious songs we cannot always afford to feel superior. The Negro, while he combines the serious with the utterly ridiculous in hymns which stir him to the height of religious fervor, never naturally sinks to the bathos of some of the hymns of our own invention. These lines, an echo from the deserts of white hymn books, are exceptional, and were written by an educated Negro:

> Blessed hope, how it shines in our sorrows
> Like the star over Bethlehem's plain.

How much to be preferred is the less educated, but far more genuine

> Ef you want to see old Satan run
> Jes fire off dat gospel gun

which is in a vein typical of the religious songs of the Negro when he is left to himself. Yet we cannot leave him to himself, and he wants to be educated. Probably it is unavoidable that the first stage of that education should be partly imitation of the feeblest of our own efforts. How is he to educate himself, in the midst of a white civilization, without losing forever some of his own richest gifts and copying some of our leanest ones? Is there any way for him to leave behind the homely childishness of the "gospel gun" without at once landing on the saccharine plains of Bethlehem? As he becomes more and more educated, goes to indoor services in increasingly Americanized chapels, abandons the frenzied improvisation of the outdoor meeting, reads out of stereotyped hymn books instead of helping the preacher out with new words, will he not lose something with the disappearance of songs like

> Sinner die, sinner die
> Sinner dies wid his head hung down
> Sinner die, sinner die
> Sinner die in de midnight dew

and is there not something unconsciously true in the couplet and the refrain—

> This kind er religion is better than gold
> It's better felt than ever told
> An' it jus' suits me.

The chapters on the Social Songs in this book make us realize that we in the North have heard a few spirituals, a few Broadway blues of uncertain derivation, but that there is a whole field of songs we never hear sung and never even hear about. In this instance we are even more in the dark for lack of the music, and can only guess that five or six stanzas which in cold print are rather dreary jingles would, if sung, strike as something magnificently rich and strange. But a few lines here and there stand out—"Oh, look down dat lonesome road and cry," "Learn me to let all women alone," "I got de blues, but too damn mean to cry," and a few stanzas, such as the carefree nonsense of

> Womens in Iowy dey heard de news,
> Wrote it down on ole red shoes

or the apt self-description of

> Nigger be nigger, whatever he do:
> Tie red ribbon 'round toe of his shoe,
> Jerk his vest on over his coat,
> Snatch his britches up 'round his throat,
> Singin high-stepper, Lawd, you shall be free.

Not much is sung about the white man, apparently, though there are echoes of the Jim Crow car in

> Well, I'm goin' to buy me a little railroad of my own;
> Ain't goin' to let nobody ride but the chocolate to the bone,

and, in the work-songs, the melancholy

> White man sho' to bring
> Nigger out behin'

or the more savage

> Well, if I had my weight in line
> I'd whip my captain till I went stone-blind.

Are there any other people in this country who sing as they work? And do Negroes imported from Alabama sing in Pittsburgh rolling mills? Will their gift die out, and the sunny imagination and melody which has softened so many of their hard days give way to sullen silence?

In the South they still sing. While one regrets that the music cannot be given to us in a book, one must realize too that printed music could not capture the highest gift

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Negro, his spontaneity. Songs start from nothing, from the loading of a truck, the possession of a banjo, the half remembered line of a hymn, and grow in an hour, never to be exactly repeated. The mood dies, the gang is dispersed, the old song reborn, changed, forgotten and born again, according to the moment's company and their desire. Other nations, peasants, have had this gift, and factories have seen it die until only a few old people are coaxed by sociologists and folk-lore collectors to hum a fragment of their youth. As collected, some of it is art, some of it only a curiosity. It is important that the art should not perish, and the melancholy, whimsical, unconscious music be preserved, bottled even, and canned in phonograph records for us, who cannot sing of ourselves, to admire and regret. The songs may live, but the best thing of all, the free impulse, the pattern of careless voices, happily inventing as they go, if it dies cannot be resurrected. The value of this kind of music is human more than artistic. And here, in our machine standardized country, we have a golden source of our own. The question is how to keep it flowing.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Truth About Nature

The Ways of Life, by Richard Swann Lull. New York: Harper and Brothers. 365 pages. $3.

Concerning the Nature of Things, by Sir William Bragg. New York: Harper and Brothers. 249 pages. $3.

WHATEVER scientists may say about it, science is not the truth about nature. It might seem at first thought that the word of the members of a profession ought to be good about matters affecting most directly their own profession, and ordinarily that is true. No one would think of questioning a physicist's authority to define velocity, or a mathematician's notion of what a pure variable is. But no man's clarity, let alone his candor, is above suspicion where his human motives are concerned. This definition of science is not a description of a body of knowledge. It is not as if scientists knew the truth about nature, and the whole truth, and had never been known to enunciate a sign or symbol that fell short of truth. What it means is that human dignity requires a plausible generalization of confused and varied activities that hang together in a sort of way and yet not in a very intelligible way, so that everything one does shall seem to be done wisely and generously in behalf of some cause that everyone respects. The definition of science as the truth about nature serves this purpose.

What nature is, in this definition, had best not be inquired into. Its visage is much too old to be that of a child of scientific thought, not to mention the deep lines of metaphysical controversy behind the bloom of eternal youth. He who said that what some people call nature others with no less justice and far older precedent have revered as God spoke with a wisdom that was not of science. Either "nature" is anything at all that scientists are able to find out about, in which case it doesn't mean much to say that science is the truth about it; or "nature" is a something-or-other, a mystic order if not a universal being, of which science is a full-length portrait, in which case science simply isn't. Science is an extraordinarily complex aggregation of facts and theories, some of which check up and fit in with each other while others do not. Perhaps it is the most imposing work of the human intellect. But to refer to it in the singular number except by a very loosely collective noun indeed is not only to do violence to the meaning of tidy theological conceptions but to compress all the highly volatile matters of scientific hypothesis into a mould where the pressure upon them is sure to be explosive.

But mankind is older than science and in the mass much more interested in nature than in doubtful formulas. What the public wants is the full-length portrait, and though such a thing can have very little scientific meaning, scientists nevertheless labor earnestly to produce occasional snapshots of the cosmos in familiar poses to satisfy what they believe to be a legitimate demand. For the most part these turn out to be excellent imaginary likenesses of an ordered universe of very doubtful scientific authenticity. Sometimes, however, the features are drawn to the life regardless of whether they make a face or not. These two books are of this kind, a splendid example of success by failure. Professor Lull's account of organic evolution is a direct answer by an eminent paleontologist to the challenge of the fundamentalists. Under these circumstances the temptation to out-dogma Moses must have been terrific. But Professor Lull was able to resist it. He has passed from case to case of his museum. All the bones of all the fossils are here, and some remarkable specimens, calculated to make Daytonians stare and gasp, are to be seen among them. He has counted over the men and the ideas that have marched in the uniform of evolution, from the explorers of ancient times through the shock troops of the nineteenth century to the contemporary rear-guard who are mopping up the unoccupied areas. Yet he has not issued from the museum with any golden tablet. No missing link is flourished before the curious. There is no reading of God's secret. Even in prospectus his organic evolution remains an unfinished thing, an underexposed negative, and therefore science if not nature.

Sir William Bragg has managed to make atoms more interesting than dinosaurs. It will be of interest to science teachers to note that these lectures upon a century-old lectureship of the Royal Institution are for juveniles and are intended to convey to juveniles new points, recent discoveries, novel illustrations of physical principles. Someone should circulate among American school boards the information that one institution has thought fit to induce this Nobel physicist, and before him such as Faraday and Tyndall, to lecture before children. The difficulties of such a task are, of course, enormous. Children are more conventional than adults, and more prone to take the obvious, traditional, archaic view of things. They are notoriously interested in Nature. Their capacity for holding in abeyance complicated doubts is very limited. The lecturer has therefore been obliged to pass back and forth very frequently between the obvious and human and super-scientific aspects of things and the minute simplifications of those aspects which are to be found in physics. For example he will begin with a London fog. Fog is water, minute particles of water drifting in air. Why does it hang over London? Because it has been found that vapor condenses about the particles of dust and soot that emanate from city chimneys. (Demonstrated by experiment.) Positively and negatively charged atoms have the same effect. The detachment of electrons in gas atoms by the passage of a helium atom shot off from radium disarranges gas atoms in this fashion. When moisture is present, a pencil of gas is formed in the wake of the helium atoms. These pencils can be photographed, showing visible evidence of the movement of the helium emanations from radium. (Exhibition of photographs.) By snowflakes the atomic characters of crystals have been similarly introduced; the action of gases

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is illustrated in the sliced golf ball. In short, everywhere there is a certain relation between the minutiæ of physics and various events in the grosser world. The impression is given that an indefinite number of lines might be drawn connecting the two intimately. Yet somehow Sir William Bragg successfully avoids accounting for nature, and so succeeds in remaining a physicist.

The question might be raised whether it is worth while skating on such thin ice, and one way to answer it would be to say that no scientist can escape it. The fact is that the path between his laboratory and his home is over this self-same ice. Traversing it is not science; yet it makes science possible. "Nature" is a figment of the popular imagination, and the popular imagination requires to be satisfied about science as about every human undertaking. Telling people things about fog and physics does not teach them physics. Indeed, it probably insures that they will never become physicists, since it predisposes them to believe that science is composed of interesting facts and delightful exercises, whereas it is really composed of almost insufferable confusion and almost intolerably dirty and monotonous work. But if science is to wax strong it must have its talking points. People who do not know what it is must believe in it. Telling them a little about nature puts science into the conversation, and therefore has human effects of the highest possible value to science and the scientists.

Nevertheless this is not the end of science. The end of science is more science, which is only to say that science is too various and too accidental a phenomenon to be fully interpreted in the parable of the sower. Who knows what are the seed, or what the harvest?

C. E. Ayres.

Individual Psychology

The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology, by Alfred Adler, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 352 pages. $6.50.

ALFRED ADLER is now quite the vogue in psychoanalysis, for he has given a healthy tone to a more or less repellant subject. Freud in digging out the cesspool of sex discovered, if not a gold mine, at least a good lead. Jung followed this up and now Adler has struck a rich pay streak. His chief works are two. In The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology there are offered many cases and some cures. In The Neurotic Personality of 1912 the author presented the two grand theses of his subject, the masculine protest and the theory of organic inferiority. The latter is dubious. It implies that out of weakness comes strength. As Demosthenes by will power and a pebble overcame his stuttering, so the neurotic, conscious of his organic inferiority, can cure himself. This reads almost like a caricature of the New Thoughters—Concentrate and you can overcome any deficiency. If you can think about it hard enough, you can turn your bow legs into knock knees.

This absurd result appears to be based on the rash generalization that there is not the slightest proof that either heredity, experience or environment necessarily lead to a general or specific neurosis. Such a statement may be offset by the findings of the last International Congress of Eugenics regarding the pedigrees of pauper and other inferior stocks. The studies of the well known Jukes and Kallikak families and the less known Nams point to the profound influence of inheritance in mental disorders. As for the environment, Adler's own studies on shell shock controvert his conclusions.

The same criticism cannot be directed against the theory of the masculine protest. It seems at least half right although no allowance is made for the converse principle of the feminine protest, if one can use such an expression. This formula, "I wish to be a complete man," says Adler, is the guiding fiction in every neurosis, claiming higher reality values than even the normal psyche. The libido, the sex impulses, and the tendencies to sexual perversions arrange themselves in accordance with this guiding principle, no matter whence they originate. Nietzsche's "Will to Power" and "Will to Seem" embrace many of our views, which again resemble in some respects the views of Féré and the other writers, according to whom the sensation of pleasure originate in a feeling of power, that of pain in a feeling of feebleness.

This thesis, then, is of value. It has its historical connections, it also puts the Freudian formula in its proper place, as secondary and not primary. The sexual feeling is not the centre around which all other psychological syntheses are built up, as Pierre Janet implied. No—according to Adler the applicability of the sexual picture deceives the normal person and especially the neurotic. But it must not deceive the psychologist. The sexual content in the neurotic phenomenon originates in the imaginary antithesis, masculine-feminine, and is evolved through a change of form of the masculine protest.

Now the term masculine-feminine, it might be objected, is capable of conversion, for many of the cases that Adler reports are cases where the male subject undertakes a feminine rôle. The desire to escape responsibility, to live the sheltered life on the part of the masculine neurotic shows that the rule works both ways. If Adler wishes to use the fanciful term the Kaiser complex for the masculine protest, he might as well have spoken of the Kaisirin complex for the "hausfrau" type.

The terms and phrases of the psycho-analyst in general are unfortunate. As Jared S. Moore has pointed out, ordinary psychological terms are given a bad connotation: "Neurosis," which should mean any specific status of the nervous system, comes to mean a relatively mild mental disorder; "psychosis," a severe mental disorder, while "complex" is restricted to morbid repressed contents. But leaving aside a distorted terminology and at times a too literal translation of Adler's clumsy sentences, we can gain a fairly clear picture of his anti-Freudian attitude in this series of essays old and new. As he insists, it is a misuse of an abstraction to single out of the various complex mental psychic activities the quest of pleasure, as the motive force, after every isolated impulse has been explained as pleasure seeking, as libidinous.

But in further analyzing the masculine protest the author goes too far. He declares that its two unconscious premises are that human relations in all circumstances represent a struggle, that the feminine sex is inferior and by its reactions serves as the measure of masculine strength, and finally, that these two unconscious presuppositions are at the bottom of the distortion and poisoning of "all human relationships." This is too sweeping a generalization and is contradicted by the very principle of organic compensation of which so much had previously been made. Psychic "compensation strivings" have little to do with the feeling of sex inferiority, as the author discloses in his rather absurd instances of fat people desiring to occupy first place in the race, and of children who are poor jumpers wanting to fly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In citing these cases Adler adds the warning that there is a deeper reason than that offered by the Freudians for the intolerance of the neurotics towards the constraints of society. His conclusion is that the attentive observer will find the nature of the compensatory dynamics presenting a quite extraordinary aspect as soon as he permits the sexual rôle to be relegated to one of minor importance and realizes that it is the former that is impelling the individual towards superhuman goals. In our present civilization both the girl and the youth will feel themselves forced to extraordinary efforts and manœuvres. A large number of these are admittedly of a distinctly progressive nature. To preserve this progressive nature but to ferret out these by-paths that lead us astray and cause us illness, to make these harmless, that is our object and takes us far beyond the medical art.

It is an honest physician of souls who confesses his failures, but the idea of the libido is here evidently quite Freudian and based upon what K. S. Lashley calls a crude mechanics which seems to have been derived from analogy with the simplest physical forces. The mental mechanisms of the psychoanalysts resemble more closely the behavior of liquids under pressure than they do any physiological processes and, indeed, the similarity is so exact that we may justly call the Freudian dynamics a system of psychodynamics. Nor do these assumptions raise the question whether the activities of the organism are motivated by a common energy. Is there evidence that energy is derived from a single source and that this source is the sex instinct? Is there justification for believing that any such energy or energies exist at all? As Lashley goes on to say, recent experiments upon animals lead to the conclusion that sexual behavior consists of a number of acts, each a definite response to a definite pattern of stimulation. These reflexes are independently conditioned by specific hormones, by nutritional factors, and by habitual modifications. There is no evidence here for the existence of free energy. There is no unity among the sexual reactions such as is essential to prove their common motivation. There is no source of energy which could fulfill the requirements of the libido.

Yet it must be confessed that Adler makes but small use of the favorite Freudian theme. With him the masculine protest is the centre of a circle of which the libido is merely a small arc. As he says, this attitude induced by the longing for victory has been magnificently misinterpreted by the Freudian school as the permanently incestuous condition of being enamored of the mother. The Oedipus complex, then, plays but a minor part. Thus the reinforced childhood feeling of inferiority occasioned by a certain patient's painful relations to his mother leads to his domineering demands upon his bride in the way of her education, her social actions and the like.

To sum up: In Adler's work the libido has taken a back seat and the masculine protest come forward. But is not the latter in the nature of an appeal to mysterious forces as explanations in behavior? As has been recently pointed out, Woodworth in his Dynamic Sociology, Watson in his Behavior and the Concept of Mental Disease, and Southard in his Kingdom of Evils make use of conditioned emotional reactions, and by failure to develop social habits, and emphasize the importance of constant social irritations as the psychoanalysts have not done. The conceptions have not been elaborated as have those of Freud, but where they have been applied they provide at least as satisfactory an explanation, without violating our conception of physiological organization.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

The Complete Letter Writer

Original Letters From India (1779-1815), by Mrs. Eliza Fay. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 307 pages.

IN his foreword to these letters, Mr. Forster states that Mrs. Fay is a work of art, and adds that she was also a historical character. It is true she is a work of art, and as such has received full critical appreciation from Mr. Forster in two acute studies, recently published, entitled Eliza in Chains, and Eliza in Egypt. If her own documents are less entertaining, yet they are needed in order to give reality to this lady, and persuade the reader that Mr. Forster did not create her, in a gently malicious mood, for his own amusement. He has taken pains to be a trifle severe with her, rather more than is expected from one who is merely reconstructing a historically unimportant person, and the remains take on the dimensions of life with disconcerting clearness: there she stands, in her incredible majesty, and Mr. Forster invites us to smile with him at the happy effect of his labors.

We do smile, of course; it is impossible not to, but with a slight sense of guilt. The humor is rather too easy, the object too remote. Not quite fiction—indeed, a fact. Not quite innocently comic, as balloon sleeves are. She suffered few jests at her expense in her living presence. Only one is recorded, and even on that occasion her moral victory was complete.

Mr. Forster gives her credit for her qualities, even though he cannot admire them. To view her through his balanced, observant and critical mind is to repeat in a measure the delight experienced in reading any other work of his; but even without his notes it is possible to reconstruct this obdurate, tough-souled creature, who gave her squalid fate a sturdy battle. She had a few real adventures, with no consolations outside herself and religion. Divine Providence was her spiritual stay, though she pulled through everything by main muscle. Born in a country where caste was life, she had no caste to speak of, and she had no husband worth mentioning in an age when a woman could scarcely survive without one. Yet she survived, and up to a point surmounted the difficulties of her sphere. The safely entrenched may despise such survivals, but Mrs. Fay came of a class that knew the need of tooth and claw.

It was survival by a series of failures. She failed at everything in the end—at marriage, at mantua making, at trade, at shipping. Because she was, after her fashion, an individualist, she got no help from people. When she was in prison in Calicut, someone sent her a teakettle. There was a feud between her and her fellow prisoners, and she meant to monopolize that teakettle. So they stole it from her. This in a sentence is the story of her life and her personal relations.

No doubt of it, hers was a solid and light-proof temperament. She modeled her style on phrases and her conduct on foregone conclusions. To those who traveled with her, she was a scorpion. Mostly persons of no consequence, like herself, she repelled them instinctively, for she had ambitions. When in her wanderings she encountered persons of good society, she fawned upon them. They in turn seemed to have treated her with pleasant condescension, for which she was properly grateful. Her sharp unsentimental middle-class eyes saw through the vanities of this world, nevertheless, and from time to time she records her moral conclusions upon society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Numberless shrewd plans for getting on in the world failed, somehow, to come off. To the last she tussled along half-equipped, with not quite enough money, or imagination, or grammar. She traveled and scribbled and fought, and once came to legal troubles with a servant girl. The servant girl publicly accused her of misconduct with a ship's surgeon. This must have been a blow, but Mrs. Fay passed it over in dignified silence. She was strong on dignified silence. For nineteen years she kept her own counsel about the true cause of her separation from her husband, and even planned to educate his illegitimate child in England, but the ship on which he sailed was lost at sea. Her British sense of moral obligation and her female sense of moral injury never failed her. These combined with piety and rhetoric made her letters what they are. That they should not have been suffered to drop soundlessly into oblivion is merely the final absurd accident of her absurd fate.

They outlived her, having been preserved by her sister, to whom they were chiefly addressed. Later, in old age, Mrs. Fay needed money, as always. She wrote an autobiographical set-piece, patching out the record from memory to increase the volume to the fashionable weight of the day. She died, intestate and insolvent, before it could be published, and it finally came into print in the hope that its sale would benefit her creditors. Her creditors were not benefited, for the book passed almost unnoticed. It was waiting for Mr. Forster.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER.

New English Novels

William, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IF William affords a fair measure of the capacity of E. H. Young, a place will have to be found for him (or her) in the front rank of present-day English novelists. The place will be near that of Mr. E. M. Forster. Just as fifteen years ago it was difficult to convince the public that the author of Howard's End was not a woman, so in the case of William the feeling persists that the delicacy with which character is lighted and shaded, the subtlety with which the threads of human relations are twisted and knotted, are marks of a feminine hand.

William is father of a family. By his energy and ability the Nesbitts have taken their place among the chief families of Radstowe; the daughters have married well and the son is by way of following William as head of a prosperous shipping firm. To this highly respectable and well-doing family comes the test of scandal, to which each member responds after his or her kind. Kate Nesbitt, the mother, is the type of sweet literalness. She cannot escape from the categories in which for her the issues of life have been distributed. William is mobile and fluid, with a wisdom which is suffused with gaiety. The clash of these two temperaments softened by William's tolerance and humor is of the finest comedy. He feels for Lydia, his volatile and peccant daughter, a wistful tenderness as for a quality of life, a subtlety and charm, which except for her he had totally missed. One distinguishing trait of William, the book, is the tardy justice which it does the paternal character. The father in the family novel usually shows his admirable qualities to the world outside: within the family circle he is a cipher or a villain. William is exhibited entirely in the home; he is essentially the father, and in his paternal rôle he is perfect. Lydia calls her mother "A wall with flowers growing on it, ivy, clinging plants, but underneath a wall. I can't scale it. I can't get through. But you William," she adds, "you're only an old tree. I can get round you easily enough, and climb into all your branches, except the very top ones, near the sky, near the stars."

Thunderstorm, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

IN Thunderstorm Miss Stern returns from the spreading vine of The Matriarch to the simple geometrical pattern of The Room and The Back Seat. Thunderstorm is a hexagon compassed of Vanna and Ettore, servants of Johnny and Theo, the padroni of La Collina, and Elizabeth and Captain Locke their guests. Anyone who has lived in Italy will recognize Vanna, the faithful servant and wife, who lives for her padrone and Ettore—and Ettore, who lives for himself, a perfect Figaro, saving money for his Inglesi and profiting largely himself within the margin of extortion practiced by his fellow-countrymen. The fortunes of Vanna and Ettore are threatened by the removal of their padrone to England, an eventuality combatted by Elizabeth in the interest of her fiancé, Cyril Pinkerton, who needs the position in London promised to Johnny, and Captain Locke in the interest of his own happy Italian domicile. It is his sister, Sophia, the dea ex machina, who in London pulls the wires and fixes Johnny and Theo in La Collina, to the immense satisfaction of Ettore, and Vanna, and the reader. An international novel in which Vanna's point of view is most important because she cares most. Vanna Victrix, and also Miss Stern.

The Rector of Maliseet, by Leslie Reid. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THE Rector of Maliseet is undeniably a throwback to the period of the Brontés. Especially it reminds one of Ann Bronté's The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. There is the narrator, who is obliged to play his part of the curious investigator, somewhat at the expense of his prestige in the rôle of hero and lover; there is the rector, victim of a fatal inheritance which is purely literary, and there is Miriam, his daughter, a Galatea, always on the point of coming to life but never quite achieving it. About it all there is English landscape and weather, likewise a literary inheritance, but perhaps all the more appealing to a foreign audience. Everyone with a taste for the English note in fiction will enjoy this novel.

At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses, by Martin Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE Goat and Compasses is the social centre of the life of Crome, and the churchyard is the social centre of its death. And in a village of which the doom is already sealed by the encroachments of the sea it is fitting that life and death should mingle. Mr. Armstrong begins his story with the survey which Christopher Staffel, the sexton of Saint Peter's, makes from the church tower as he looks down on the village and its environs spread out like a map before him, animated by the inhabitants thereof. Below him, at the corner of High Street and Church Square, he sees the Goat and Compasses where Belle Jorden presides at the tap. He sees Rose Jorden screened by the hedge in converse with young George Prentice; and the vicar, old Mr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gregory and his son Philip, an awkward lad of twenty-two, who has been sent down from school in disgrace and the cottage where live Mrs. Dunk and her ripe daughter Sally. His cap blows off, and descending quickly he recovers it near the grave of "the unknown sailor." These with Miss Susan Furly and Westway, an outlander artist, are the characters of the story. In parallels and triangles they trace their human lines on the stones of the old town: Belle Jorden and Westway and Staffel; Rose Jorden and George Prentice and Dan Hawney; Sally Dunk and Philip Gregory and Dan; her mother haunted by her dead husband and Susan Furly who loves the unknown sailor. With its ironical symmetry of human patterns against the background of destroying nature Mr. Armstrong's novel has something of Hardy without the philosophic implication or emphasis. It is Our Village or Cranford put into simple, unpretending fiction.

Across the Moon, by Hamish Macleod. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

IT is evidently Mr. Macleod's theory of fiction, as it was Keats's of poetry, that it should astonish through a fine excess. Across the Moon has everything in the way of apparatus and incident which a novel can possibly have—Irish weird, Scotch morale, childhood, public school, service with the guns in France and Salonica, recurring lunacy, death in battle, recovery of identity through a locket with the motto Non nos de regibus, London night clubs, actresses, passion, marriage, family disapproval, a madman sailing into the storm, rescue, birth, reconciliation. There is also an objectionable hill called Eye of God which enters the story now and then as an ironic chorus. With so much ground to cover necessarily the brush moves swiftly and broadly, but the reader can fill in the lines with recollections of other fiction. The story is told in staccato conversation, all down the scale from the violent speech of the trenches to the English baby talk which speaks of breakfast as "brekker" and mother as "muv"—a great bar to Anglo-Saxon unity. Mr. Macleod believes in his characters with such intensity and shows them with such pride that it would be cruel to question them. It is a bit odd that with so many wires twisted he should choose to end his novel on the flattened note of mother's approval. R. M. L.

Contributors

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, British journalist, is a former Paris correspondent of The London Times. His book, Poincaré, A Biographical Portrait, was published last year by Little, Brown and Company.

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER, Bryn Mawr, 1921, has studied at the London School of Economics and was investigator for Governor Smith's Advisory Commission, Cloak and Suit Industry, 1924, and tutor in Economics, Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers, 1925.

VACHEL LINDSAY is the well-known American lecturer and poet. His latest publications are Collected Poems, and Going to the Sun.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD, whose untimely death occurred on January 9, 1923, had published several volumes of short stories and a number of critical essays.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is Professor of Philosophy at Vassar College. He is the author of American Thought from Puritanism to Pragmatism, The Founder of Mormonism, Le Génie Américain, etc.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER is the author of Outline of Mexican Popular Arts. She is at present editing a text book of design by Adolfo Best-Maugard, Mexican painter.

IF one-eighth as much real thought were given to our mental diet as we automatically give to our physical diet—

And if one-eightieth as much money were spent on the former as on the latter—

The result would be a gain in national health on such a vast scale as to eclipse any forward movement of humanity known to history.

Think for a moment how utterly haphazard is the average person's choice of mental food, what a prodigious volume of his mental diet he absorbs because, for instance, it is

unavoidable — bill boards, street signs, etc.
free — circular and advertising matter.
cheap—"news" papers and movies.
diverting—the general run of magazines, books, plays.

Ponder these classifications—unavoidable, free, cheap, diverting. How much of our mental diet is absorbed because it is *nourishing?* How much of it is *selected?* How much attention do we pay to the problem of a *balanced mental ration?*

And then consider how big a five dollar bill looms when it is going to pay for a magazine subscription—

And how small it looms when it is going to pay for theatre tickets.

Turn to the back page and see what five dollars will do. And remember, when you sign on the dotted line, that you are investing in mental diet of the most fortifying kind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

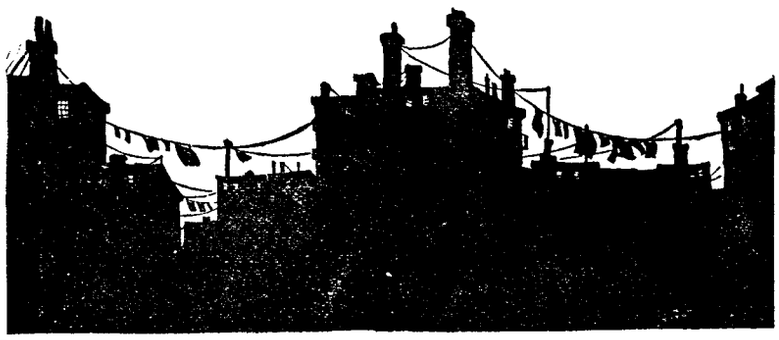
BREADGIVERS

BY ANZIA YEZIERSKA

This is the story of Sara . . . the indomitable, ragged little Sara, who . . . . driven by a hunger for bread and a hunger for love and burdened by the weight of a thousand, wandering oriental generations . . . . . conquered the turmoil of American life.

Small wonder that such diverse men as William Lyon Phelps, Jim Tully and Dr. Clifford Smyth (Editor of The International Book Review) have risen to their feet to champion Sara's story, as told by Anzia Yezierska in BREADGIVERS.

Anywhere, $2.00 *Doubleday, Page & Co.*



SEA PINES School of Personality for Girls
Thomas Bickford, Founder
Outdoor life. Training in self-discovery and self-direction. Stimulating ideas of health, responsibility. Christian influence. One hundred acres, pine groves, seashore. College Preparatory, Cultural, Secretarial and Athletic courses. Arts. Crafts. Dramatics. Music. Corrective Gymnastics. Recreation Camp July and August.
Summer course and Counselorship Training for older girls and young women.
Miss Faith Bickford, Miss Addie Bickford, Directors. Box R, Brewster, Mass.

Your Boy's Crucial Years
are from 8 to 14. Longmeadow, a country day and boarding school, uses art, music and directed play in intensive, individualized work with this difficult age group. Small classes. Address, I. Mansur Beard, Longmeadow School, Box NR, Longmeadow, Mass.

WILL SHARE
delightful home, grounds; with lonely woman or mother and little girl. Mrs. Faber, Swarthmore, Pa.

YOUNG MAN
physician, wants position as travelling companion. Address: Box 387, The New Republic.

EDITOR who has managed magazines of popular appeal and who is a person of general culture (he has written for the Dial, New Republic, Saturday Review) desires position in which his general culture or his knowledge of the gross psychology of the public or preferably both can be utilized. Thoroughly versed in technic of editing. Available October 1st. Address: Box 388, The New Republic.

EARN $25 WEEKLY
spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book free.
PRESS SYNDICATE, 1060, St. Louis, Mo.

FOLDER proposing colonization among undeveloped natural resources, in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Coöperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

TENNESSEE
Brushy Mountain Prison
AND
The Southern Chain Gang
By JAMES ROBERTS

"SENSATIONAL but a remarkable manuscript," writes Prof. Lynch, of the Teachers' College, and a noted educator of Springfield, Mo. G. W. Brown, noted traveler and artist: "Send me twelve copies, I want to give them to my friends. If this book is true, and I believe it is, every man and woman should read it." A book you will long remember and read many times before you lay it aside. The author carries you through some of the darkest places of America. In addition to the story of Bushy Mountain Prison, the turpentine areas, lumber camps, and the Southern Chain Gang, some interesting stories of the mountain people and the Southern Negro are told. Over 200 pages, bound in board, $1.44; paper cover, 75 cents, postpaid. Write your name and address on the lines below, enclose the necessary price and a copy will be mailed you.

Taylor Printing and Publishing Company, Joplin, Mo.

I enclose .... for which please send me .... copy of the Tennessee Bushy Mountain and the Southern Chain Gang. If I am not satisfied with my purchase you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

Wanted: High-class men and women to represent us in every state in the Union to sell our books, stationery, and leather goods. We pay a reasonable salary and commission to start. No commission allowed. If interested, write us fully about yourself.

The LIVERIGHT BOOKSHOP
4 West 49th Street, New York

THE NEW BOOKS ARE HERE
The publishers have made their announcements, and there are a bewildering number of good books offered. For the convenience of our customers we have selected nearly a hundered of the more important titles from the thousands to be published. This list will furnish a basis for your Fall reading and we will be glad to mail it to you on request.

BROOK BEND TAVERN
all-year-round house
Monterey, Massachusetts, 8 miles from Great Barrington
High in the Berkshire Hills. Tavern recently renovated, decorated and beautifully furnished. Steam heat and electricity. Four huge open fireplaces. Delicious home food. Suites with bath. Rates by the day, $5 and up. By the week, from $28 to $60.
Send for illustrated folder to
MISS LEILA LIVINGSTON MORSE

THE LLOYD, BELLPORT, L. I.
on Great South Bay. Cool, comfortable, charming. Regular guests and week-end parties. Open May 28th.

TO RENT—Four large 1-2 room unfurnished apartments with private bath and kitchenette in newly renovated house owned by the New Republic on West 21st Street. Moderate rental on yearly basis. Inquire at the New Republic office, 421 West 21st Street.

FOR RENT—Lower Fifth Avenue Section—3 and 4-room housekeeping apartments in a modern elevator apartment house a few steps West of Fifth Avenue. Rentals $115 to $175. Apply on premises 11-15 West Eighth Street or phone Owner-Manager, Vanderbilt 1761.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED